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Original Poetry.

HAPPINESS.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST,
BY THE LEYDON BARD.

*Respectfully dedicated to Mrs. Mary W. ********.*

All men pursue good, and would be happy if they knew how: not happy for minutes, and miserable for hours; but happy, if possible, through every part of their existence.—*Harris.*

Compared with this, how poor Religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method and of art,
When men display to congregations wide,
Devotion's ev'ry grace except the *heart!*
The *Power*, incens'd, the pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
But haply, in some cottage, far apart,
May hear, well pleas'd, the language of the soul;
And in his book of life the inmates poor enroll.
The Cotter's Saturday Night.

Blest HAPPINESS! how lovely, and how bright
Beams thy fair altar, where its radiance glows;
How pure the stream, lit by its starred light,
Which from the fountain of thy goodness flows!
How deep the charm imagination brings,
Of all thy beauties in their pristine worth;
How sweet the song which playful fancy sings,
When bounding from thy joyful Eden forth!

Mankind have sought to win thee by their arts,
And garland life with thine exalted gems;
To chain thee firmly in their crowded marts,
With pearls, and gold, and stately diadems.
Kings have allured thee to the princely hall,
Where grand temptations in their splendor vied;
And fetters strong, from wine to music's call,
To clasp thy form with ardent zeal were plied.

The brave, the mighty, and the man of skill,
Have oft thy fleeting shadows far pursued;
And each essayed to bind thee 'neath his will—
A common victim by their strength subdued.
But no—to all alike hast thou declared
With sovereign voice, and high majestic tone,
That e'er since Time to journey was prepared,
Man's joy then set through nature's smiles alone!

A precious idol, which the world's applause
Has loudly lauded on from age to age;
Whose shrine becomes the first and fondest cause
Of victor, statesman, minstrel, knight, and sage.
In what mild clime, fair stranger, dost thou roam?
(If aught on earth delights thy eyrie bound,)
Where lie the precincts of thy envied home;
Or where can lasting happiness be found?

In lowly retreat, a lovely cottage stood,
Upon a hillock, bounded by a rill,
Nigh to the borders of a wide-spread wood,
Surrounded by a view serene and still,
Beneath its out-brown roof, and moss-grown tiles,
Secure from ev'ry blast the tempest dealt,
Calmly within a world of social smiles,
A youthful pair, in sweet contentment dwelt.

Fortune to them her favors had denied;
Though plenty reigned around their welcome door,
Whilst freely was each useful want supplied.
That not of reason could they ask for more,
And they were happy in their humble life,
Crown'd with the bliss which marks the mated dove;
He a kind husband, she a tender wife—
The proudest emblem of devoted love!

Contented lived they in their quiet lot,
Well loved by all—envied by not a few;
Joy and quiescence fill'd that happy cot,
Which ne'er shone dim, but brighter, sweeter grew.
Theirs was the life of harmony and peace,
Free from earth's common cares, and shiv'ring woes;
Whose lamp may its flash shall never cease,
But glimmer on, till death its wake shall close.

How plain the moral which had been concealed
Beneath the trodden paths of marching mind;
How bright the picture at a glance reveal'd,
And left to tell its tale to all mankind!
There lurked the echo of that mystic knell,
Which mortals sought in vain their hopes to blow;
No artful power can move, or pierce the spell—
Where blest contentment reigns in happiness!

Original Novel.

MARIAN; Or, Ingleborough Hall.

A TALE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY CONTINUED.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST,
BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT,
AUTHOR OF "MARMADUKE WYVIL," "GUARICA," "RINGWOOD THE ROVER," "CROMWELL," "THE BROTHERS," &c.

CHAPTER XIV.

Dressing herself in haste she sought, as usual, her mother's chamber and found her happy—oh! how supremely happy in her benighted state, since she knew not, nor understood at all, the sorrows of those whom she once had loved so tenderly—found her in a deep calm slumber—kissed her brow silently, and breathed a fond prayer over her, then hurried thence to Marian's chamber. The door stood open, it was vacant! Down the stairs to the garden—the door that led to that sweet spot was barred and bolted—the front door stood upon the latch, and by that Annabel passed out into the fresh young morning. How fair, how peaceable, how calm, was all around her—how utterly unlike the strife, the trials, the cares, the sorrows, the hot hatreds of the animated world—how utterly unlike the anxious pains which were then gnawing at that fair creature's heartstrings!

She stood awhile, and gazed around, and listened, but no sound met her ear, except the oft-heard music of the wind and water—except the well-known points of that familiar scene—she walked—she ran—a fresh fear struck her, a fear of she knew not what—she flew to the garden—"Marian! Marian!"—but no Marian came! no voice made answer to her shrill outcries—back! back! she hurried to the house, but in her way she crossed the road leading to the stables—there were fresh horse-tracks—several fresh horse-tracks—one which looked like the print of Marian's palfrey!

Without a moment's hesitation, she rushed into the stable court, no groom was there, nor stable boy, nor helper—and yet the door stood open, and a loud tremulous neighing, Annabel knew it instantly to be the call of her own jennet, was wakening unanswered echoes. She stood a moment like a statue before she could command herself to cross the threshold.

She crossed it, and the stall where Marian's palfrey should have stood, next her own, was vacant.

The chargers of De Vaux were gone; the horses of his followers—all—all gone! She shrieked aloud—she shrieked, 'till every pinnacle and turret of the old hall, till every dell and headland of the hills, sent back a yelling echo. It scarcely seemed a second before the court-yard, which, a moment since, so silent and deserted, was full of hurrying men and frightened women—the news was instantly abroad that Mistress Marian had been spirited away by the false lord. Horses were saddled instantly, and broadswords girded on, and men were mounting in hot haste, ere Annabel had in so much recovered from the shock as to know what to order or advise—evil and hasty counsels had been taken, but the good vicar, and the prebendary came down in time to hinder them.

A hurried consultation was held in the house, and it was speedily determined, that the two clergymen should set forth on the instant, with a sufficient escort to pursue, and if it should be possible, bring back the fugitive—and although Annabel at the first was in despair, fancying that there could be no hope of her being overtaken, yet was she somewhat reassured on learning that De Vaux could not quit his regiment, and that the slow route of the troopers on a long march could easily be caught up, even by aged travellers.

The sun was scarce three hours high when the pursuers started—all that day long it lagged across the sky—it set, and was succeeded by night, longer still, and still more dreary—another day! and yet another! Oh the slow agony of waiting! the torture of enumerating minutes!—each minute seemingly an age—the dull, heart-sickening suspense of awaiting tidings—tidings which the heart tells us—the heart, too faithful prophet of the future—cannot, by possibility, be good! While reason interposes her vain veto to the heart's decision, and hope uplifts her false and siren song!

The third night was at hand, and Annabel was sitting at the same window—how often it occurs, that one spot witnesses the dozen scenes most interesting, most eventful to the same individual.

Is it, that consciousness of what has passed, leads man to the spot marked by one event, when he expects another? or can it be indeed a destiny?

The third night was at hand, and Annabel was sitting at that same window, when on the distant highway she beheld her friends returning, but they rode heavily and sadly onward; nor was there any flutter of female garbs among them. Marian was not among them! They came—the story was soon told!—they had succeeded in overtaking the regiment, they had seen Ernest, and Marian was *his wife!*

The register of her marriage, duly attested, had been shown to her uncle in the church at Ripon, and though she had refused to see them, she had sent word that she was well and happy, with many messages of love and cordiality to Annabel, and promises that she would write at short and frequent intervals.

No more was to be done—nothing was to be said at all. Men marvelled at De Vaux, and envied him! Women blamed Marian Hawkwood, and they, too, envied! But Annabel said nothing—but went about her daily duties, tending her helpless mother, and answering her endless queries concerning Marian's absence, and visiting her pensioners, among the village poor, seemingly cheerful and contented. But her cheek constantly grew paler, and her form thinner and less round. The sword was hourly wearing out the scabbard! The spirit was too mighty for the vessel that contained it.

Five years passed thus—five wearisome long years—years of domestic strife and civil war, of bloodshed, conflagration and despair throughout all England. The party of the king, superior at the first, was waxing daily weaker, and was almost lost. For the first years Marian *did* write, and that, too, frequently and fondly, to her sister; never alluding to the past, and seldom to De Vaux, except to say that he was all she wished him, and she more happy than she hoped, or deserved to be. But gradually did the letters become less frequent and more formal; communications were obstructed, and posts were intercepted, and scarce, at last, did Annabel hear twice in twelve months of her sister's welfare. And when she did hear, the correspondence had become cold and lifeless; the tone of Marian, too, was altered, the buoyancy was gone—the mirth—the soul—and, though she complained not, nor hinted that she was unhappy, yet Annabel saw plainly that it was so. Saw it, and sorrowed, and said nothing.

Thus time passed on, with all its tides and chances, and the old paralytic invalid was gathered to her fathers, and slept beside her husband in the yard of the same humble church which had beheld their union, and Annabel was more alone than ever.

CHAPTER XV.

Five years had elapsed since Marian had fled from Ingleborough Hall, and, as I have said already, Annabel knew but little of what had passed with that cherished sister since her flight. She knew, indeed, that for the first years of her marriage she was happy; and so joyously did she sympathize with that happiness, so sincerely did her letters, whenever she had an opportunity of writing, express that sympathy, unmixed with any touch of jealousy or enviousness, that Marian could not long resist the growth of the conviction, strengthened at every renewal of the correspondence, that Ernest had deceived her, in the account by which he had prevailed on her to elope with him. It is not, perhaps, very strange, however—for we cannot call anything strange with propriety, that is of usual occurrence—that, so long as Ernest de Vaux continued to be the rapturous lover, and after that, the gentle and assiduous husband, she felt no resentment, nor any, indeed, any inclination to blame him for the deceit, which had produced happy results only to herself, and had resulted in no permanent estrangement, or breach of confidence between herself and Annabel. What contributed, moreover, in no slight degree to this placability on Marian's part, was that, without ever actually confessing that he had spoken falsely, De Vaux, as soon as she was once irrevocably his, exerted himself to palliate the conduct of Annabel, representing it as a natural effect of galled and wounded feelings, as a lapse to be pitied rather than blamed severely, and effectually succeeded in re-establishing kind thoughts in her heart, and so—for poor Annabel never knew nor imagined aught of Marian's causeless suspicion and dislike—brought the sisters back to their wonted footing of perfect familiarity and untrammelled confidence.

Still, in despite of this, though Marian had nothing which she desired to conceal from her sister, except what she believed to be the solitary instance of deception in her husband—which, though, she excused it to herself as a sort of pious fraud, necessary to ensure her happiness, she yet felt as it were intuitively that Annabel could neither regard in that light, nor ever pardon very readily—though Marian, I say, had nothing except this which she desired to conceal, and though her sister was the very soul of frankness and ingenuous truth, still any correspondence, even, the freest and most unreserved, is but a sorry substitute for personal intercourse and conversation, and can at best but convey very slightly an idea of the true state of sentiments, emotions, and events, especially when they are protracted through a long course of years.

Events, and the course of the earlier part of the civil war, which was waged for the most part in the southern and midland counties, had prevented the sisters from meeting, Annabel remaining, during the life-time of her beloved mother, assiduously and earnestly devoted to her comforts, while Marian, for the most part, followed the court of the unhappy Charles, who still, at Oxford or elsewhere, kept up the semblance, at least, of his kingly style, and held his parliament of such peers as remained true to the cause of their own order, of the church and the crown.

Among all the bold cavaliers, who fought and bled so generously for the unhappy king, the most unhappy and least vicious of an unhappy vicious race, there was not one more gallant, one who achieved more glory than De Vaux. Among all the fair dames, aristocrats of nature, as of birth, who graced the halls of declining royalty, there was not one more lovely, more admired, or more followed, than the bright and still happy Marian. Delighted by the fame and honors which daily fell more thickly on her husband, amused, pleased, and dazzled by the novelty of her position, for a considerable time Marian believed herself perfectly happy, as she believed herself also to be devotedly beloved by her husband.

The very hurry and turmoil in the midst of which she necessarily lived, was not without its wild and half pleasurable excitement—after custom and experience, and the seeing him return home victorious and unwounded, had steeled her against the terrors and the anguish which assailed her at first, whenever he rode forth to battle, there was a sort of charm in the short absences, from which he ever hurried home, as it appeared more fond and more enamored than in the first days of her wedded life. This hurry and turmoil, moreover, afforded to De Vaux constant and plausible excuses by which to account for and mask his irregularities, which became in truth more and more frequent, as the fresh character and lovely person of his wife gradually palled on him by possession. For in truth he was a wild, reckless, fickle man—not by any means all evil, or without many generous and gentle impulses, although these had been growing daily, weaker and less frequent through a life of self-indulgence and voluptuousness, 'till very little was now left of his original promise, save courtly manners, a fair exterior, and—simply to do him justice—a courage as indomitable, cool, and sustained, as it was vigorous and fiery.

He lived in a period of much license—he was the eldest son of a doating father—he had lost his mother, while he was yet a mere boy—all three vast disadvantages—vast misfortunes to a young man. Indulged to the utmost of his wild and fantastic wishes by his father, encouraged rather than checked in those extravagances, which the cavaliers of the day affected somewhat, in order to mask their detestation of the cold-blooded hypocrisy, and ridiculously insincere profession of those most odious impostors, who constituted the vast majority of the Puritanic leaders—launched very young into the world, with handsome person, courtly manners, high rank, and almost boundless wealth, his success with the women of the court, in an age the most licentious England had then witnessed, was wide and unbounded.

He had already become the most hardened being in the world, a cool voluptuary, a sensual, luxurious, calculating courtier, when he met Marian at the Sheriff's ball, at York, and was struck instantly by her extraordinary beauty. Having approached her in consequence of this admiration, tired as he was, and sick of the hackneyed and artificial characters, the affectations, and *minauderies*, and want of heart of all the women with whom he had as yet been familiar, he was soon yet more captivated by the freshness of her soul, the artlessness of her manner, the frank, ingenuous, off handed simplicity of her bright, innocent youth, fearless of wrong, and unsuspicious of evil, than he had been by her beauty. So that before he was compelled by paramount duty—the only duty which he owned, military duty namely—to quit York, he was as much in love, as his evil course of life and acquired habits had left him the power of being, with the sweet country maiden. That is to say—he had determined that the possession of her was actually necessary to his existence, and a thing to be acquired on any terms—nay! he had even thought many times, that she might be endurable for a much longer period than any of his former loves, and began to fancy, that, when his passion should have settled down into esteem, he might be able to tolerate in Marian Hawkwood, the character he dreaded most in the world, that of a lawful wife.

There was something in the whole air and demeanor of Marian Hawkwood, that told the young debauchee, almost instinctively, that there was but one name in which she could be addressed—a purity and innocence of heart and of manner, likewise, which would have prevented the most dissolute and daring of mankind from dreaming even of approaching her with dishonorable addresses. Now, it was difficult for a man of De Vaux's character and principles—if that can be called principle—which is rather a total absence of all principle—accustomed to doubt and disbelieve and to sneer at the possibility of female virtue, to bring himself to the resolution of deliberately of offering his hand to any woman, how passionately he might be attached to her, soever; and this difficulty of making up his own mind it was, and not any timidity or bashfulness—things utterly strange and unknown to his hard and worldly nature—which caused that irresolution which had given offence so deep to Marian Hawkwood.

It cannot be denied that her manner on that interview did pique and provoke him beyond measure—that it threw him into doubt as to the question, whether she did indeed love him or not, and by awakening for a moment an idea of the possibility of his being rejected—an idea which had never so much as occurred to him before, even casually, materially increased his dislike to subsiding into a tranquil and domestic Benedict.

These were the real reasons for his seemingly extraordinary conduct toward Marian in the first place; and not at all that which he had stated, for he had been indeed false—false from the beginning.

It was then in a singular state of mind, vexed with himself and irritated at finding himself subject to a passion seemingly hopeless, annoyed that he was unable to shake off that passion lightly, indignant with Marian for not appreciating sufficiently the honor he had done her, in so much as thinking of making her his wife, foiled, furious, discontented, and devoured all the time by the agony of his fierce desire—for it is mere profanation to call that which he felt, love—he set forth from York to visit, as he imagined, the father of his cruel fair one.

Many wild schemes and projects flitted through his mind as he journeyed westward, which it were neither profitable nor pleasing to follow out; but each and all of these had reference to winning Marian in some shape or other, and at some period not remote.

What occurred when he reached Ingleborough, is known already to those who have thus far followed the fortunes of the sisters; but what in truth passed in the recesses of his own heart has never been divulged, nor can be known to any one. It may be that pique and anger at Marian's manner when they parted had really disposed him, as he said, to love another, honestly and truly; it may be that the exquisite repose and charming sweetness of Annabel did indeed win upon his soul, and work for the time a partial reformation—but what alone is certain, is that he felt more of that eagerness to sacrificing what he called his liberty, which had actuated him with regard to Marian, when he proposed to Annabel.

It may be, on the other hand—and it would be by no means inconsistent, either with his past character or after conduct—that fickle and light as he was, and very liable to be captivated for the moment by the charms of women, that, I say, he was influenced by a twofold motive—twofold and doubly base—of gratifying a passing caprice in marrying Annabel, and inflicting the heaviest punishment he could imagine on her sister at the same time. It is probable, even, that he might have had baser and more infamous projects in view, with respect to poor Marian; and it is certain that he looked to the disturbed and perilous state of the country, as to a favorable position of things to his purpose, should he desire to abandon his fair young wife, after a time—seeing that she had no influential relations to protect her, and that if peace should be restored at last, little enquiry was likely to be made after affairs of mere personal consideration.

Frustrated in his intentions by the return of Marian, and by her inability to conceal the violence of the hopeless love which she still nourished for her sister's wooer, although she nourished it without one thought of evil entering her pure spirit, having betrayed moreover his own maddening passion, which returned upon him with redoubled violence, when he was thrown again into her society, he could not endure the scorn, the contempt, which he felt gathering around him, nor bear the publicity of his disappointment.

It was the fear of this publicity, then, and the determination that he would, under no circumstances, leave Ingleborough in the character of a rejected and disappointed suitor, that induced him to renew his solicitations to poor Marian. Shrewd and keen-sighted, and able judge of character as he was, he readily perceived that in the calm and composed soul of Annabel Hawkwood, there was a deep settled principle, a firm and resolute will, a determination capable of calling forth any powers, whether it were to do or endure. It required, therefore, little reflection to show him that with her he had now no possibility of succeeding—that once detected, as he felt himself to be, his whole mind and motives perused and understood as if they had been written out in a fair book for her inspection, the very love which she had entertained for him in the past, would but the more strongly arm her against him in the present.

Nor was this all—for even his effrontery was at fault, even his natural audacity shrunk from encountering the tranquil scorn, the quiet and unutterable loathing which he saw visible in every glance of her mild eye. Ere long, between the sense that he had irreparably injured her, and the knowledge that she understood him thoroughly, he came to hate her with a vehement and bitter hatred.

In this hatred, too, he found a new instigation to persevere in his attempts on Marian, for he was certain that, although the ordinary sources of annoyance, envy or jealousy, could never inflict a single sting on Annabel, he could wreak no heavier vengeance on her than by making her beloved sister his wife—the wife of a man whom she despised so utterly—and he acknowledged it in his own secret soul—so worthily.

Unhappily in the impulsive and impetuous character of Marian, which he had studied to its inmost depths, he encountered no such resistance as he knew he should encounter from her sister. Falsehoods which would have been discovered instantly and rejected with scarce a consideration, by the quiet thoughtfulness and innocent penetration of the elder sister, wakened suspicions in the quicker mind of the younger, galled her to the very quick, dwelt in her heart, filling it with bitterness and gall, and at last ripened into terrible and dark convictions of the unworthiness of her who was, in truth, the best of sisters, and the tenderest of friends.

These were the motives—these the means of Ernest De Vaux—and we have seen, alas! how fully they succeeded!

What are the necessary consequences of a marriage contracted with such views as these, founded upon a man's caprice for a woman whom he would have made his mistress if he could, and only made his wife because he could by no other means possess her, cannot be doubted.

Nothing at first could be happier than Marian Hawkwood—for she mistook naturally enough, the fierce and violent passion of her young husband for genuine and veritable love; and, indeed, after satiety and possession had long dulled the ardor of this passion, circumstances for a long time conspired to keep up the illusion in the mind of Marian. The hurried and changeful life which they led, the very large portion of their time which was passed, to a certain degree, in public; the gratified vanity of her husband at the admiration which she excited everywhere, and which delighted his vain and fickle temperament long after he had ceased himself to care for her, all tended to delay the fatal discovery, which it was clear that she must one day make, that she was loved no longer.

At first, as she perceived that his attentions were declining, that he no longer hurried homeward with eager haste, his duty in the camp or in the court accomplished, that the revel or the dice detained him, she threw the blame on the unsettled times, on the demoralizing influence of civil warfare, and wild company and the want of a permanent and happy home. She prayed, and believed that with the war these things, which were converting fast her life into one scene of sorrow, would come to an end, and that shortly.

But neither did the war, nor the sorrows which she attributed to that war, seem likely to be brought to any speedy or even favorable termination.

No children had blessed that ill-fated union, and Marian, when she did not, in obedience to the order of her husband, go into the court gaieties, such as they were at that time, was almost entirely alone.

Alone she brooded in despondency, almost in despair, over her hapless present life, and almost hopeless future. Write to her sister of her griefs she could not; where was the use of torturing that worn heart with other sorrows, when she must needs have enough sorrow of her own.

Abroad she was subject to the twofold agony of witnessing the bold and open faithlessness of her husband, his infamous addresses to the wild and licentious beauties, made, perhaps, wild and licentious by the extravagance of their natural protectors, and the strange and corrupting circumstances of the times—and of enduring the base solicitations and addresses of the gay friends of her husband—solicitations and addresses which she could scarce believe were unknown to him, who, most of all men, should have resented and avenged them.

Thus year by year dragged on, until Marian, thoroughly convinced of her husband's infidelity and baseness, which, indeed, he scarce now affected to conceal, was the most miserable of her sex.

All her high spirits had taken to themselves wings, and flown away—all her wild daring elasticity of character—tameless gaiety, which was so beautiful of old—her strong impulsive frankness—were broken, gone, obliterated. She had become a quiet, sad, heart-broken, meditative creature. Yet she repined not ever—nor reproached him—nor gave way to sadness in his presence—but strove, poor wretch, to put on a semblance of the manners which he had once seemed to love, and her pale lips still wore a sickly smile as he drew near; and a wild cheerfulness would animate her for a moment; if, by chance, he spoke kindly, a hope would arise within her that he might still be reclaimed to the ways of virtue and of love.

But still the hope was deferred, and her heart grew sick—and utter gloom took possession of her—so that she now looked forward to another termination of her sorrows than the grave, and to that she indeed looked forward, at what time it should seem good to Him to send it, who orders all things, and all wisely.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Original Tales.

THE END OF INFIDELITY.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST,
BY LYDIA JANE PEIRSON.

Amid the broken ranges of the Alleghany Mountains, in Western Pennsylvania, is a wild strange dell or hollow, little more than an acre in extent, walled on the north by high precipitous rocks which base the wooded mountain rising to the region of the clouds; west and south by green swelling ridges, and eastward by wild cliffs, rent by a ragged cleft through which escapes the water of a clear deep lake or pond which occupies full half the dell, being fed by many streams that leap gaily down the mountain sides. Several years ago some hardy hunters, in following the fleet-footed elk, discovered the sylvan hollow, and being charmed by its romantic beauty, determined to pitch their camp beside the lake. One of them having approached the precipice on the north in quest of some material for their temporary habitation, was startled by a strange sound, which he satisfied himself came from a fissure of the rocky rampart. He hastened back to his companions, and imparted the discovery, as he thought, of a den of wild beasts. Having examined their trusty rifles they crept cautiously to the spot, and were soon convinced that the strange noise proceeded from a human being. One of the boldest of the company, with rifle in hand, crept in at the aperture whence the moans proceeded, and soon found himself in a large cavern, and near the object of his search, which, however, the darkness prevented his defining. He returned, and then with arms and torches, the whole company crept into the cave, which was large, dry, and regular.

Here on a couch of rushes lay the form of a man—a mere skeleton he was, with long grey beard and hair, but his clothing was clean and comfortable, and on bushes placed against the sides of his cave flung several changes of apparel, and near him stood a silver cup empty. He seemed delirious with fever, and moaned forth "Water, oh water!"

They brought water, and gave him some, in which they mingled a few drops of wine from their provision. He drank, and soon began to revive. No sooner did he discern a human face near him than he cried out, "Tell me something of God! Of the Christian God! Oh make it plain to me that *such* a God does exist. Can you prove it? Oh eternity—eternity depends upon your answer." The hunters were taken by surprise. Little skilled were they in theology; they believed firmly, but could hardly give a reason for the hope that was in them. They assured the sufferer, however, that there is a God such as Christians worship. But when they referred to the Bible as proof, he groaned, and muttered blasphemous curses, as he ground his clenched teeth. They looked upon him with wonder, almost with fear as he continued, "You believe that man is immortal; that there is a paradise of everlasting rest; and a hell! Oh a hell! I know there is a hell! I have felt its torments these many long years. I have wished for death; but oh! if I am immortal! how shall I endure eternity?"

At length he became calm as if exhausted by his agony; and then one of the hunters proposed reading from the Prayer Book which he carried with him the service for the Visitation of the sick. He commenced; the sick man listened attentively, and often uttered a fervent amen. At the conclusion he fell asleep; and from that sleep he never awoke. About day break, with a strong convulsion of the body, the spirit passed away.

Having laid his remains decently in a small chamber of the cave, the hunters searched for some clue to his history; and beneath the rushes of his bed, forming his pillow, they discovered a rich and beautiful casket, containing some magnificent jewellery, a miniature of a lady richly set, a small gold watch, and a roll of manuscript, containing a history, which though without name or date was presumed to be his own. Years have passed since the discovery, and the incident is nearly forgotten. But a few days ago the hunter into whose hands the manuscript fell, having become an old man, gave me the worn and discolored papers, with the story of its discovery. I have imparted the one; and will now endeavor to transcribe the other, although it is hardly legible in some parts.

The End of Infidelity.

Alone! and miserable! can fate add aught of bitterness to such a lot as this? Here, secluded from the world, I pass my days in silence, not in quiet. Oh for some creature with a heart to feel, who could not taunt and reproach me; some blessed child to listen, and weep, and pity; not despise. Oh for one drop of woman's love! the pure love that cannot find guilt in its idol. Alas! I am *alone*. In the wild cave of the rocky mountain is my solitary abode; and no living thing comes near me but the grave owl, and the singing bird, with some times a timid deer which pauses to drink in the clear lake. And wherefore am I here? Because I have no longer any fellowship with my species. I am utterly cut off from the human race. And yet I was once surrounded by wealth in all its elegant and magnificent forms; and which ever way I turned beauty and fashion, smiles and flattery gave ready greeting.

Reader, (for these lines will be read) I was once gayest in the paradise of the gay—the royalty of Paris. My father was one of France's old aristocracy, a noble, and a descendant of nobles for an hundred generations. And I was his only son and heir. Nature gave me genius and beauty. My parents idolized me. All that gold could buy was mine. I walked gaily through all classic ground, culling the richest of her richest treasures, without effort or weariness; and I left her enchanted grove crowned with her brightest lays; lauded by her most tuneful voices. The world lay before me a fair spring landscape glittering with the witcheries of rosy light, and dewy shades; opening flowers and balmy breezes. I felt that its treasures were all mine, and resolved to fill my soul with the richest and sweetest of them all. And I gathered roses by the way side of life, and cast them carelessly away as I walked on; ever filling my bosom with new delights.

At length I met a form that touched my heart. A gentle girl, the idol of a widowed clergyman, artless and sensitive, educated in seclusion, and all truth, and confidence inspired me with a feeling to which till then I was an utter stranger. I loved and I respected her. I felt that she was pure, too pure for my contaminating touch. I was a philosopher. My religion was the religion of Nature. I was taught from my infancy to hate and ridicule Christianity. But Mina was a firm believer in a crucified Saviour; and I could not find in my heart to gainsay her creed. Indeed her piety seemed to surround her young form with a halo of pure loveliness and truth. I felt to respect her devotion; but her father I did most heartily despise as a whining hypocrite. I felt that he could not be sincere in his pious mummery, of alms and oblations; fastings and prayers; self-denial and resignation. I was sure that he did secretly despise the craft by which he gained his subsistence. But Mina was sincere, and in her for the first time I respected virtue.

Long time I worshipped her silently, and sincerely I could have found no access to her heart had I sought it, for her father guarded the tender girl carefully from the mildewing companionship of such as he knew me to be. But at length the old man died suddenly, leaving her, not friendless, but unprovided for, for his decease was wholly a surprise. She was overwhelmed with grief, and then I ventured to approach her, with the most delicate attentions; the most respectful sympathies. These won on a heart already favorably impressed. I saw my advantage, but forbore to speak to her of myself until time had, with its silent waters, washed the dark hue from the page of sorrow. Then I told my love; and she confessed what I already knew, that it was all returned. But I despised the slavery of human institutions; I hated the shackles of religion. I had resolved in no case to render even an apparent submission to either. I therefore could not wed her. I dared not offend her pure spirit by declaring my real attentions. She stood upon a heighth from which she must descend before I could approach her with my vile proposals.

I resolved to bring her to my feet. To undermine the tower that so exalted her, and glory as she fell with its ruins to my own level. Gradually did I weaken her faith in Revelation, insidiously did I darken with doubts the clear atmosphere of her trust in God and immortality. Before she suspected my infidelity her own confidence in Christianity was lost, she was that weakest of creatures, a woman without a God. She became mine as I would, and she bestowed on me the ardent worship of a nature which could not exist without a divinity to adore. I was enraptured by her deep devotion, and, yet I felt uneasy at the thought that I might weary of her, or be won from her by another, and then what would become of her? How should I cast her off? How would she endure the life of which my love was the blessed sunlight, when that love should be lost to her forever?

But months waned, and I felt no heart wanderings; years fled, and I loved her still, more deeply and fervently than when I first won her. During the first years of our intercourse she frequently besought me to sanctify our love by marriage rites, but I had laughed at her petitions. Now I would willingly have taken the name of husband, had she desired it, but she spoke of it no more. She became more devoted to gaiety and pleasure, while I wearied of their glitter, and longed for domestic peace. My heart went frequently back to the young meek Mina, who bloomed so like a violet in the seclusion of her pious father's home. I did earnestly wish that she was again as I then found her, that I might marry her, and repose in the fidelity of a Christian wife. But I had pierced her piety with mortal wounds; the sweet cherub was wholly dead, and I could not revive it. I had a friend; an unbeliever, like myself, who had been to me like my own heart from boyhood. He was always welcome to my home, and Mina regarded him as a brother. When I told him that I would freely resign all but a mere competence, if I could enjoy that with Mina my wife, and a Christian, he ridiculed me, and proposed that we should summon a council of priests, to convert Mina, and consummate the nuptials. I laughed heartily at his buffoonery. I have never laughed since.

I went out upon some business. I returned, my house was desolate. Mina had fled with that same fiendish friend of mine. The blow stunned me. After two weeks I recovered my consciousness, and learning that the two whom I had so loved, had sailed for America, I started in pursuit, leaving my affairs in the greatest disorder, for I felt only one impulse, one all-controlling motive, to find the fugitives. I had not determined on anything farther. My soul sickened and became faint whenever I thought of the possibility of not being able to find them.

But I did find them in New York, they were lawfully married. What could I do. She wept in agony, and told me that Pierre had long since poisoned her peace by insinuating that I was false to her, that she at length believed the tale, but acting by his advice, concealed her suspicions from me, and redoubled all her tenderness toward me. On that fatal day, he assured her that I was on the eve of marriage, and persuaded her to try to recover me by a temporary abandonment. She went to a female friend, and he soon brought her tidings of my nuptials. In her despair he hurried her on ship-board, and now she was his wife.

Pierre laughed in my face, and bade me acknowledge myself out-generaled for once. I drew my blade and sheathed it in his breast. "Forgive!" he cried—"Louis—Mina! There is a God, and we shall meet before him." Then, with dreadful ravings of despair, he died.

Then I fled, for an unaccountable dread of an ignominious death impelled me away. I returned after a year. I discovered Mina—an inmate of an asylum for the insane. Feigning myself her brother, I obtained access to her, but she knew me not. Oh what a wreck she was. How could I look on her, and remember the beauty and purity of her girlhood. My name was ever on her lips, coupled with fond words of love, or bitter execration. And still she would repeat, "Oh, if I had been his wife, we should be happy now!" The fever of her mind was perceptibly wasting its frail tenement.

I resolved to carry her home to France. The physicians approved my plan. I made preparations for the voyage, but ere the ship was ready to sail Mina was too feeble to leave her bed. Hope now went out in its golden candlestick, and all my spirit was darkness. Torpid with agony, I sat by the bedside of my dying joy. Long time she slumbered; and when I ventured to suggest that she might awaken better, the doctor answered with a look of solemn meaning, a great change is at hand.

At length she awoke. It was evening. A mild, bright autumn evening. The moon lay in the clear bright ether, pouring her magic light upon sleeping nature, that cold, colorless light, which, resting on the tree tops, makes the darkness beneath visible. The wind was gusty and wild, and the light clouds flitted like angel ministers along the sky. It seemed that nature was stirred with a spiritual life, and even I almost felt the presence of the invisible. Mina awoke. She called me gently by my name. That word, uttered by that voice—oh, how it pierced me.

She was fully possessed of her reason, and spoke to me of all the past. "And mark me, Louis," she murmured—"Infidelity has been the source of all our sorrows. Pierre cried with his dying breath, '*There is a God!*' I felt it. I would have given worlds for the faith that was once mine. Faith in God, the God of mercy, the omniscient—the omnipotent God is the only treasure worth the spirit's seeking. Without it we are like ships on a stormy ocean without ballast or rudder; with no hope but to dance awhile upon the flashing billows, and then sink down to eternal night. With it we are sure whatever storms may beat upon us, that we shall at last arrive in safety at the haven of everlasting rest and joy. I had that faith once. I sought to regain it till my brain ran wild. Look, Louis, what a miserable wreck I am. Where is now my youth; and my beauty? where is it? Could I now command all earth's dazzling baubles, what would they be to me? I am dying! and without faith in God my Saviour. You must mourn me not merely as one dead, struck out of existence; but as one lost to you, to happiness, to God! suffering everlasting despair! Everlasting despair! Yet I feel to bow, and adore the justice and mercy of Him whom I have so boldly set at nought; so lightly blasphemed. Oh for faith, one beam of Christian assurance. Louis, look on me and see the end of Infidelity!"

* * * * * * *

Reader! if thou art a philosopher, I adjure thee, by that which thou holdest most dear, never attempt to shake a Christian's faith—it were a thousand times less heinous to take his life; for it is wresting from him that which alone makes life endurable. Seest thou not how strong in endurance the weakest Christian is? Like a slender vine clinging to the everlasting rock, he fears no tempest. He says when sorrow falls upon him, "My Father's will be done!"

I shall die here in this mountain cave, and thou who findest my mouldering bones, and readest this poor scrawl, look on my dust, and behold THE END OF INFIDELITY.

From the Magazines.

SONG OF THE SOIL.

BY J. H. R. BAYLEY.

I start the bulb of the beautiful flower,
And feed the bloom of the wild wood bower;
I rear the blade of the tender herb,
And the trunk of the stalwart oak I curb;
I force the sap of the mountain pine,
And curl the tendrils of the vine;
I robe the forest and clothe the plain,
With the ripest of fruit and the richest of grain.

The cheek of the peasant I flush with health,
And yield the sturdy yeoman wealth.
I give the Spirit of Commerce wings,
And prop the tottering thrones of kings.
The gorgeous palace and humble cot
Owe every atom to me they've got—
And the prince at his banquet, and hind at his board,
Alike must depend on the fare I afford.

Man may boast of his creature might—
His talents in peace, and his prowess in fight;
And lord it over beast and bird,
By the charm of his touch, and the spell of his word;
But I am the sole and mighty source
Whence flows the tide of his boasted force—
Whatever his right, and whoever he be,
His pomp and dominion must come from me!

I am the giver of all that's good,
And have been since the world hath stood;
Where's there wealth on ocean, or beauty on land,
But sprung from the warmth of my fostering hand?
Or where the object fair and free,
That claims a being, but's traced to me?
Cherish! then cherish, ye sons of toil,
The wonderful might of the fruitful soil!

FROM THE LADY'S COMPANION, FOR AUGUST.

THE YOUNG MARCHIONESS; Or, The Sacrifice.

On the right bank of the river Ille, between Rennes and Vitrey, in Bretagne, the once magnificent chateau of Kordonan rears its proud turrets, at once a beacon of the mutability of human grandeur and the utilitarian character of age in which we live. Having become the property of an enterprising manufacturer, now a member of the French Chamber of Deputies, it has been converted into an extensive establishment for the purification of lamp oil, and the manufacture of brown soap.

The spacious and now dilapidated halls of this princely residence of the late Marquis of Kordonan, have been the mute witnesses of melancholy scenes of thrilling agony undreampt of by its present busy and cheerful throng of occupants.

In the year 1780, the family of the young Marquis consisted of himself, the Marchioness, an old servant man, and a young peasant girl.

The pertinacious seclusion in which they habitually lived, naturally awakened the gossipping curiosity of the neighboring villagers, who were incessantly endeavoring to penetrate the mysterious cause of an exclusiveness so unusual.

Philip was the incorruptible factotum of the chateau, and Nanette, the intelligent attendant and faithful confidant of her mistress. With commendable shrewdness they successfully parried the oft-repeated interrogatories of their inquisitive neighbors, and heedfully secured the family apartments from their intrusion.

When they inquired—"Why, Mr. Philip, does your master hide himself in this manner? Is he dead!—or, perhaps, only sick?"

"He is certainly not dead, but his health is not good."

"What may be his illness? The gout; perhaps, or, more likely, pride?"

"It is not exactly sickness, but he studies too much, passing days and nights in his laboratory, and he has grown dull and melancholy in trying to become too learned."

"This is certainly a great change in him; before his marriage he acted more like a buffoon than a wise man; instead of walking he would run and leap in the streets, and when accosted by a friend he made the most frightful grimaces—even the children made a laughing-stock of him."

"I suppose his first thoughts were his out-of-the-way studies."

When they met Nanette at Rennes or Vitrey they asked:

"Nanette, why does your mistress appear so dull and wearied?"

"Because she meets such wearisome people, I suppose."

"But why does she live so much in the country?"

"Because she does not like to live in town."

"Why not?"

"She thinks wherever there are many people there must be fools and rogues."

"That is very flattering, certainly; but she might go to court sometimes, as her rank entitles her to do!"

"Oh she remembers that she was not born to her rank."

"We hear, also, that notwithstanding her youth and beauty, she always dresses in black."

"So she does; she still wears black for her benefactress, the late Marchioness."

"And do you often see the old Mr. Blondel?"

This Mr. Blondel was an old notary of Vitrey, sixty years of age, with an unblemished character, and very small fortune. There were but two things in the world he cared for, the young Marchioness and a copy of the Laws of Brittany, which he carried with him wherever he went. However, he thought he had a right to complain of his beloved Therese, the lovely Marchioness, to whom he had been tutor. He never saw her—though, as Nanette said, he was admitted at any time he came. He wandered through the parlors, the garden, and the park, in hopes of encountering a single look from his favorite pupil. In vain; she was as invisible to him as to the most gossiping of her neighbors. Sometimes, when he returned disappointed from his walk, he consoled himself by talking to her portrait, which hung in a small saloon, where refreshments were always placed for him. Gazing affectionately on the smiling face, with his glass in his hand, he would address her thus: "Yes, to be sure, this is excellent wine, but where is the generous hand which should give it me? Alas! she is as invisible to me as to every body else. The Marquis may shut himself up as much as he likes; he may despise me and disdain my company. Very well! He is noble and I am plebeian. He is a person of consequence and I am nobody. I have no wish to complain of his pride, but I reproach you, madam Marchioness! I complain of your coldness—your ingratitude. How can you so forget me?" The old man slowly emptied his glass, drew a long sigh, and continued, regarding steadily the portrait, "Your father, Jaques Flavel, a notary like myself, left nothing behind him but his papers and his debts. I was the god-father of his child, and hastened to console her and give her a home. This was my inheritance from him."

His tears began to flow at the remembrance.

"Do you ever think of this, Therese? A few years after this, the old Marchioness, my client, did me the honor to interest herself in the fortunes of my adopted child. She condescended to take her to her house and establish her in her family, and, one fine day, to my great astonishment and the scandal of the nobility of Brittany, she married her to her son, her only child—the young marquis. Very well! Now one would think that she reproaches me for her happiness—such happiness! She conceals herself from me, she repulses me, she avoids me in her own house! She has grown proud and haughty—she, formerly so simple and affectionate! No matter! I love you still, Therese, and here I drink even to your pride, madam Marchioness!"

Blondel wiped his eyes and added:

"Of all I have loved, none are left to me; some are dead, like my wife and children; others have forgotten me, like you, Therese, and another ingrate whom you know, the Chevalier Morangy. But he, at least, may return from India, and I will forgive his ingratitude! May he, as easily, forgive your marriage—I was going to say, your infidelity! Adieu! adieu. Every time I come I intend it shall be the last, but my old legs cannot forget the road to this door, and my heart suffocates me when I leave these halls. Oh, charming image, if you have heard me, if you have understood me, do not grieve, my Therese, by betraying the complaints I utter with tears."

Then putting his old law book under his arm, he would mount a chair, and kiss with fervor the portrait of his god-child.

Some time after this, he was again walking in the park, this time not unaccompanied. He was leaning on the arm of a fine young man apparently just returned from a journey. He was in gay spirits, in the anticipation of meeting the two most precious things on earth—an old friend, and a young mistress. The old friend was Blondel, the young mistress has not yet been introduced to the reader.

"Yes, it is I," exclaimed the young Chevalier de Morangy, pressing affectionately the hand of the old man, "Here I am returned to Brittany, never more to quit it. After arriving at Versailles and embracing my old uncle, the Chevalier D'Argental, I hastened hither to kiss the hand of the Marchioness de Kordonan."

"Which Marchioness do you mean?"

"The dowager Marchioness, certainly."

"She is no more."

"No more! And does Miss Flavel then remain at the chateau? Is she still in Brittany? Where shall I see her? If you could but know, my dear friend, the sensations I experienced when I entered this park, where I have so often talked of love with Therese!"

"And you loved each other?"

"Like two young fools!"

"Like children, you mean; but with time comes reason, and all this nonsense and childishness pass away."

"Do not say so, Blondel. Do you not suspect what brings me to Kordonan?"

"The wish to see a friend, I suppose, who has rather forgotten you!"

"The intention of offering her a handsome fortune, a name worthy of her acceptance, and a heart devoted to her service."

"My God! If this be true—fly, fly, in haste, and may Heaven conduct you again to India!"

"You terrify me; speak! Does Therese reside at the chateau?"

"No, there is no Therese here, there only remain strangers, ingrates, in this house."

"Therese is dead?"

"Yes—dead to you; she is married!"

"Married!"

"To the young Marquis. Take courage Frederic. I also adored her; she has betrayed my friendship as she has betrayed your love. I was proud to call her my child; but she is ashamed of the tenderness of a father. We have been sacrificed to her ambition. Let us endeavor to despise her in proportion to our affection—let contempt extinguish every other feeling."

"Silence, Blondel, I must see Therese."

"You cannot see her; she is invisible to us; she forgets those who languish for her presence. If you go to her door, it may be opened to you; her old servant or a young girl may bow at your approach; you may be asked to sit down and refresh yourself at your ease, but expect no more! Madam, the Marchioness, is blind; she will not see you! Madam is deaf, she will not hear you! Even I, the intimate and devoted friend of the poor Jaques Flavel—I, the tutor, and god-father of his daughter—"

He was suddenly interrupted by a violent agitation among the boughs near him, and the words died on his lips, as the bright star-light disclosed to him a female figure, in a kind of niche, formed by nature in the rock. They stood motionless with astonishment, during a few seconds, till Blondel exclaimed—

"Your knees, your knees, Frederic—it is Therese!"

It was indeed Therese, whom the darkness had prevented their noticing before. Trembling and agitated, she sunk on the ground, exclaiming to Blondel:

"You recognize me then, my god-father; I did not think you would find any resemblance between the Marchioness of Kordonan and your beloved pupil! Oh, no! She was young and gay, and I am old *before* my time. She was blooming and fresh, and I am pale and faded. She was always laughing, was she not? And I weep without ceasing. Ah, my friend, as your god-child was happy, so am I miserable. Dear Blondel, I am still the same to *your heart*, but I am entirely changed to my *mirror*."

Blondel, her friend, replied only by his tears. Her lover overwhelmed her with reproaches. Without attempting to reply to the latter, she arose proudly, and, with clasped hands and eyes raised to heaven, motioned them to follow, as she led the way to the chateau. They entered a cold and dreary room, scarcely lighted by a sepulchral looking lamp. She closed softly all the doors of this chamber, and listening to the distant sound and hum of voices, pointed to a small door, half hid by a piece of drapery—"He is there."

"Who, madam?"

"My husband."

Then taking seats near the immense fire-place, Frederic arranged the fire to avoid looking at his faithless mistress, while the old man took revenge for his long deprivation by watching every motion of Therese. She then addressed them:

"This is for me a terrible day! I have had the courage to suffer and be silent. It fails me, alas! when I remember and speak. Listen to me, Frederic, and then judge. Do you see the portrait before us?"

"It is the old Marchioness of Kordonan."

"It is that of my protectress; of her who re-

ceived me in her noble house; who treated me with the tenderness of a mother and the affection of a friend. Every instant—every minute, she added something to the weight of the obligation, already so heavy, which she had conferred on me. She who was so haughty to her equals, was simple and almost familiar with me. Her condescension made me forget the obscurity of my birth, and I gave myself up to the tenderness I felt for her with an enthusiasm of which she had given me the example. I discovered that she was not happy, in spite of her great fortune and ancient name. Her sole joy and hope in life was her only son. But God punished her pride in his beauty, by inflicting him with a singular melancholy. The most celebrated physicians were secretly consulted and the never-failing reply was: 'Before six months, the young Marquis will be an idiot!'

"Insanity, the most horrible of deaths, the death of the heart and mind, was the gloomy future of a poor young man of twenty years! His property and his person were to fall into the hands of needy relations, who had always treated with hatred, the old Marchioness.

"This poor lady, this desolate mother, foresaw that after her decease, her child would be ill-treated, ill-clothed, ill-fed, probably shut up in an hospital! There was but one way to soothe her apprehensions and protect her son from such a fate. No one as yet suspected the case of the poor creature, and some one might be found weak enough to transgress the laws of God and man, or good and devoted enough, to marry an imbecile, for the sake of obtaining the right to protect and defend him.

"My benefactress was at my feet, Frederic. I had seen my own mother die, and it seemed as if her lips had besought me. I threw myself in her arms, weeping; my sobs choked the utterance of your name, which rose from my heart.

"I raised the suppliant and cried, 'I will be your daughter!' At midnight a priest received us in the chapel of the chateau, the Marquis repeated the words his mother dictated, and Therese became a Marchioness! God knows what I have suffered these three years. Alone, day and night, with this poor man, my husband, uneasy, trembling and terrified. My God, what days and nights! Often, when sleep overcame old Philip, during the tedious evenings of winter, my husband pointed with his finger to his sleeping guardian, and looked at me with a strange smile while taking my hand! I wished to scream, but remained frozen and mute under his frightful looks. I wished to die a hundred times, but the resolution to fulfil my duty preserved me; and now, Frederic, I can bear any affliction. Does not my martyrdom prove it?"

"My child, my child! how have I wronged you; how have I calumniated you! Pardon me, pardon me!"

"Therese," in his turn exclaimed the Chevalier, "you have sacrificed the love and happiness of my life, but I pardon you, lovely infidel. I love and admire you!"

"Hush! hush!" replied Therese, in a low voice, "do you hear nothing! some one is walking—some one is stirring in his chamber! He speaks!"

"No," said Blondel, "it is the voice of Philip." He was right. Therese recognized the voice of the old servant, who was saying in a suppressed tone, "It is I—it is your old servant; do not hurt me, my lord Marquis, do not hurt me." Almost immediately Philip rushed into the room and closed the little door violently after him. Terrified at his manner, the Marchioness was hastening to her husband, but he prevented her, saying, "Do not enter, madam, he will kill you. He has armed himself with a knife, while I slept. He threw himself on me, and see how he has wounded me." Both his hands were covered with blood.

"Let no one follow me," said Therese, "I will go into the chamber; he will know me, I am sure."

"Madam, madam, do not go; his fury is at its height, every thing enrages him."

"Be not uneasy, kind words and caresses will appease him."

"We will pray for you, madam!"

Therese pushed aside the door, and a shudder crept over the witnesses of this horrible scene. Philip threw himself on his knees in a corner, praying for his young mistress, while Nanette, who had joined them, on hearing the voice of the old domestic, knelt on the prie-dieu of the Marchioness, the old notary turned over the leaves of his book, convulsively, and the Chevalier put his ear to the wainscot, in readiness to burst open the door at the first cry from Therese. What anxiety—what terror!

The night was terrific; the rain dashed against the windows of the chateau; the wind moaned loudly, and the sound of sobs was heard at the intervals of the storm; the dogs howled in the most horrible manner—perhaps they scented death. God, in his mercy, took pity on this group! Therese re-appeared in safety on the threshold of the room, and gave orders to Philip to hasten for the village doctor; and to Nanette to give her her prayer-book. Then addressing Blondel, she said, "My father, your child needs your support. Mr. Morangy, Therese Flavel, your old friend, will return the visit you have deigned to make to the Marchioness of Kordonan.

"My mother!" continued she, addressing the portrait, have I not performed to the utmost, my sacred promise? Have I not earned my liberty? Your son has no longer need of me! Your son is dead!"

A few days after this terrible scene, the remains of the Marquis rested with his ancestors. Therese returned to the house of the old notary.

At the expiration of a year, she became the wife of the Chevalier Morangy, but neither of them ever entered the chateau which had been the witness of the sacrifice of Therese.

The old place, abandoned long before the revolution, was sold in the name of the nation, and became the property of many masters before the time of which we write, but, singularly enough, no one ever made it a residence. We noticed, at the commencement, what was its ignoble destiny, when in the hands of its present owner.

Miscellaneous News.

☞ Mr. Matthias Merrill, of Amesbury, Mass., died on the 17th ult., in consequence of cutting his finger, while skinning a cow, which had died by poison. The frequency of such accidents should induce people to be cautious.

Aged Woman.—Tina Lewis, a free negro woman, died recently at Key West, at the age of one hundred and seventeen years. She had lived there for the last thirty years, and preserved her faculties unimpaired to the last.

☞ Some rogue or rogues have robbed the Cincinnati Court of Common Pleas, of the papers belonging to the present session of the Court. In consequence, convicts must be tried over again, before they can be sentenced.

☞ The Atlantic Mutual Insurance Company of Baltimore have declared a dividend of thirty-seven and a half per cent. on the earned premiums for the year, and also an interest of six per cent. on the scrip of last year.

Monument to Fisher Ames.—The remains of Fisher Ames were removed to a new tomb in Dedham, Mass., on Thursday last, and a monument is to be erected by his descendants. He died thirty-six years ago.

☞ During the month of July there arrived at Boston, 282 foreign vessels, and 568 coastwise, total 850. There cleared at the same time 527 vessels, of which 246 were foreign and 263 coastwise.

☞ A horrible murder was committed in Butler county, Pa., on the 27th ult., by Elijah Nellis, who killed his wife by choking her. Nellis and his wife had lived together more than thirty years.

Boston Smokers.—Nine persons in Boston were recently fined each two dollars and costs for smoking in the streets; and eleven more complaints were entered in one day.

Hon. Geo. McDuffie.—The health of this gentleman is such, that his physicians have enjoined him to be quiet and tranquil, and to avoid all exertion and excitement.

☞ Rev. Mr. Sanborn's meeting house, in East Bridgewater, was destroyed by fire on Saturday night last, supposed to have been caused by an incendiary.

☞ At a colonization meeting in Richmond, Va., it was resolved to raise $1,000 of the $20,000 needed to purchase certain territory contiguous to Liberia.

☞ A Mr. Mudd, of Iowa, made a speech at Washington, at the raising of a log cabin. He would have made plaster, too, if there is anything in a name.

☞ In 1829, there were but ninety-nine omnibusses running in New York; now there are two hundred and thirty-eight in full operation.

☞ Nine Governors of Pennsylvania, Gov. Porter included, have, within 72 years, granted 4,862 pardons to penitentiary convicts.

☞ The whole amount of coal shipped from the Pottsville Region this season, up to Thursday week is 391,000 tons.

United States SATURDAY POST.

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Philadelphia:
SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 10, 1844.

NEW PREMIUMS.

To any person sending TWO DOLLARS in advance, we will send the United States Saturday Post for one year, and one of the late novels.

For FIVE DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, and one of the new novels.

For TEN DOLLARS, eight copies of the United States Saturday Post, and either of the new novels.

For TWENTY DOLLARS, seventeen copies of the United States Saturday Post, and two novels.

For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the United States Saturday Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine.

For TEN DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, two copies of Graham's Magazine, and two copies of the Ladies' National Magazine.

LOOK OUT!

A frequent and disagreeable part of our duty is to call the attention of the reading public to the acts of swindlers professing to be periodical agents, and going through the country, plundering the unwary. And not the unwary alone are sufferers, for so artfully do these rogues lay their plans, that even shrewd and careful men are not unfrequently imposed upon, notwithstanding the warnings, frequently repeated, in this and other periodicals.

The last case which has come under our notice, is that of a man calling himself J. Saxton. We hear of his operations in magazines at Oglethorpe, Ga., and we doubt not, that under the same or some other alias, he is operating on newspapers or magazines at some other point. The name Saxton is probably selected on account of its being one of the names of a well known New York publishing firm, "Saxton, Miles & Co." Another fellow, some time since, called himself Berford, a brother of R. G. Berford, publisher, of this city;—or, it is not unlikely, that it may have been the same person. Our readers, and all readers, must look out and subscribe to none but *well known* and fully vouched agents; and never, where they have a shadow of doubt. The safer way, when one is not perfectly sure, is to remit by mail; the Postmaster being authorized to frank. In this paper will be found a list of agents who are personally known all over the country—tried and faithful men. The particular work for which we hear of this Saxton's receipting, is Campbell's Magazine; but he is undoubtedly ready to promise any book or paper which any body may desire.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."—

So says the poet—and so we presume the potentates are ready to acknowledge. But crowned heads are not the only uneasy ones. We have been tempted sometimes to think that the civil and other officers of a republic, in the particular of uneasiness of position, are worse off than any crowned head of them all. From the moment of entrance into the lists as candidates, their whole previous life is subjected to the most searching and inquisitorial examination and scrutiny. The eagle eyes of their honorable political opponents are directed upon their character and qualifications, in order to find legitimate arguments against their election. This though fair, is still hard enough; for few men covet the pointing of a sunbeam to every part of their character and conduct.

But *honorable* opponents are not all with whom a candidate must contend. There are in all parties sneaks and grovellers; men whose tastes are gross, and whose propensities are low—whose amusements are allied to infamy, and whose minds have an affinity for dirty employments. These persons, the scavengers of the political organization, would, were politics not the fashion, be following their pitiful inclinations in some other way—as scandal mongers of their neighborhoods, or villifiers of men who are too elevated in mind to stoop to their companionship, and who have too much contempt for their baseness to estimate their influence. But the pursuit of politics as an occupation elevates them from social pirates who would be despised, into privateersmen who not only tolerated, but encouraged; and in this position they have abundant opportunity which they are by no means slow to improve, to gratify to the full their inclination to paddle in dirty water, and to contaminate by their touch that which might have been pure but for their contact.

The liberty of the press, which Americans justly defend with a zealous care, must, like all things human, have its inseparable disadvantages. Among these, and it is the principal one, is the opportunity which it affords the class we have been describing, to divert political controversy from its proper and legitimate channel. Thus turned to improper and malicious uses—that channel, (to continue the figure) which should run with a clear and purifying stream, becomes the revolting sewer of public malevolence, private malice, and wicked personal slanders and falsehoods.

Such is the experience of candidates of every party. One might hope, such an ordeal once passed, that the successful aspirant might find a little rest, in office, from the punishment and indignities which he underwent in the contest for election. Here, however, hope is at fault. Those who have said all manner of evil of him before the election, say all manner of evil and more of it, after. They have new motives for this, and new causes of vexation to urge them on. Stung with defeat, they are anxious to show that their prophesies are fulfilled, and their representations true. To do this, they crown their predictions made before the election, with maledictions afterward. And honorable opponents have only the negative grace to hold their tongues, because to defend an opponent, however wrongly attacked, would be to play into the hands of his party.

But a politician's enemies are not all. Save me from my friends! is an ejaculation he may make with as much sincerity and feeling, as any man alive. By injudicious attacks on others in the guerilla warfare of politics, they expose him to attacks he might otherwise escape before election; and after—But the after-part deserves a new paragraph.

After election, the successful candidate's friends are more troublesome than his opponents. As there can be but one incumbent to every office, and as the applicants average at least one hundred for every place, he is compelled to disappoint ninety-nine men and their friends for every one whom he pleases. This begets new jealousies, and, perhaps, new enmities, and causes new complaints and more querulousness. These half foes are great circulators of gossip, and the "letters" of "Washington Correspondents" are loaded with surmises, revelations, suspicions and inuendoes by those who, having been once in the confidence of the powers that be, make merchandize of those whom they are unable to make anything else of. And so it goes. The papers are filled with the most improper and indecorous remarks and comments, not only upon a man's acts, but his thoughts—not only upon his public conduct but his private relations—and the President of the United States thus becomes, whatever else he may be, "the best abused man" in the country. Subordinates catch their share too, each in his own sphere, and so all the way down, the government official has a taste of the quality of the royal uneasiness.

So much for politicians. In matters of general news, we find little need, to-day, for gossip. The reader will notice a various carefully collected "collation" of all sorts of matters, literary and miscellaneous, in this day's paper—to which we refer him, presuming that the leisure of dog-days will afford abundant opportunity to read. One new feature, it will be noticed, we have introduced to-day—the giving of brief notes of storms, with care to specify dates, &c. It is a favorite occupation with many persons, to note the dates of such things, in order to know what weather others were experiencing at given times; and to accommodate this desire on the part of many of our readers, we shall endeavor to perfect this new department of the Post.

ELECTIONS.

Since our last, six elections have taken place in as many States; but as all are distant, we have from five of them no returns, and from one but partial accounts.

North Carolina. An election for Governor and members of the Legislature (no members of Congress,) was held in this State on Thursday week, August 1. The present Governor (Morehead) is Whig, and the majority by which he was elected was 4,592. But at the same election (biennial) a majority of 10 Democrats was elected to the Senate, out of 50; and in the House a majority of 14 was returned. The candidates at the late election were: Wm. A. Graham, Whig, Michael Hoke, Democrat.

Returns from about half the counties in the State have been received here—from some full, and others partial. Of the result of the gubernatorial election there never has been any doubt, except as to the number of the Whig majority. It now seems tolerably sure that Graham's majority will exceed that of Morehead in 1842. And in the Legislature, unless the remaining counties very much change the aspect of things, there will be a gain to the Whigs of fifteen members or upwards.

Indiana. The election was held last Monday, August 5. There were no members of Congress to elect, and no Governor, the election being for half the State Senate, and the whole House. The late Senate stood: Democrats 26, Whigs 24. The House was, Democrats 55, Whigs 45.

Illinois. Election on Monday, August 5. There were seven members of Congress to elect, half the State Senate, and the whole House, but no Governor. The present Congressional Representative Delegation is composed of six Democrats and one Whig. The last State Legislature was Democratic, over two to one.

Missouri. Election on Monday, August 5. There were five members of Congress to elect, and a State Legislature. The Whigs nominated no candidates for Congress.

Kentucky. Election on Monday, August 5. No members of Congress chosen this year. A Governor was chosen, to serve four years, and members of the Legislature. The Whig candidate for Governor is Wm. Owsley, Democratic, Wm. O. Butler. The last Legislature stood: Senate, 26 Whigs, 11 Democrats; House, 62 Whigs, 38 Democrats.

Alabama. Election also held on Monday, August 5. There was one vacancy to fill in the Congressional Delegation, Hon. Dixon H. Lewis having been appointed by the Governor to the U. S. Senate. Members of the Legislature were also chosen, the whole House and one third of the Senate. The last Legislature stood: Senate, 19 Democrats, 14 Whigs. House 62 Democrats, 38 Whigs.

THE LATE MR. POULSON.

In our last, we announced the death of Zachariah Poulson, whose name, for nearly fifty years has been connected with the newspaper history of this country. Mr. Poulson was, for nearly forty years, the proprietor of the first daily paper published in this country. It was commenced as a weekly, in 1774, by John Dunlap, and called "The Pennsylvania Packet, or General Advertiser." In 1783, it was published thrice a week; in 1791, its daily publication commenced. In 1800, Mr. Poulson became its proprietor, and changed its name to "Poulson's American Daily Advertiser," under which name it was published by him till 1840, when it was merged into the North American.

Of the well-remembered Poulson's Advertiser, Mr. Watson, the Annalist, says: "Mr. Poulson's paper was, like the good old times from which it descended; and, like the people of former days, carried with it something grave, discriminative, useful and considerate. Mr. P. rarely indulged in editorial comment, but his selections were most carefully made. A large number of intelligent gentlemen were in the habit of furnishing communications for the paper." Of Mr. Poulson's private character and habits, the Philadelphia Gazette remarks: "He was a member of the Society of Friends, and in his costume and address represented the old school of Philadelphia gentlemen. He was one of the few remaining representatives of the generation which maintained the primitive simplicity of the days of Penn. He was highly respected for integrity of character and firmness of principle."

Mr. P. was one of the founders, an active member, and for many years the President of the "Philadelphia Society for Alleviating the Miseries of Public Prisons." He was a member of the Library Company of Philadelphia, his connection with the Institution, commencing on the 19th of February, 1785, and continuing until his death, embraced a period of nearly fifty-nine years, during which he served it as Librarian twenty-one years, as Treasurer six years, and as Director thirty-two years, in all which capacities he devoted himself faithfully and successfully to the promotion of its usefulness and prosperity. Mr. P. was also a member of other societies, who have passed appropriate tributes to his memory, and whose members, on Saturday last, followed his remains to their final resting place in Germantown.

PAY YOUR POSTAGE!

We think this caution quite as important as one which we often see posted in public places—to wit—"Beware of Pickpockets!" Indeed there is little difference (except in the sum, perhaps,) between the act which abstracts your pocket book, and that which merely makes you draw your purse strings to shell out sums from a fip upwards, small in the items, but large in the annual aggregate, for business which may not concern you at all, but does concern another, or concerning you both, is of most advantage to the writers of the letters.

It should be a part of every gentleman's education and practice to pay the postage on every letter which he despatches, except in certain understood cases, where he is writing for the benefit of him whom he addresses. Indeed we are not sure that the rule should not be made absolute and sweeping, and the postage on *all* letters prepaid. If in the new law which is to be, relative to the post office, this were insisted on, one great leak in the revenues of the department would be stopped at once—to say nothing of the immense benefit which would be conferred upon the letter receiving individuals in the community. All inconvenience in the matter could be obviated by the sale of free stamps at the Post Offices.

Small nuisances are those which most severely try the temper. There is a sort of dignity in being gored by a bull,—but none in being stung by a musquito. There is a moral as well as pecuniary grandeur in being cheated out of a sum worth one's while to lose and to talk about—but there is nothing but pure, petty vexation in being done out of a sixpence.

We observe that, in some parts of the country, gentlemen whose position gives them prominence, but *not* the franking privilege, are compelled to call upon their correspondents through the newspapers, to pay their own postage. We should think that such appeals as these would touch some people's consciences—that is, if those who do not pay their own postage have any consciences—a point somewhat problematical.

ANOTHER COMET.

The new comet in the constellation of Hercules was discovered by M. Victor Mauvais, member of the French Academy of Sciences, and one of the astronomers of the National Observatory at Paris. The discovery was confirmed in England, by observations at Greenwich. On the 15th July it was between the stars of *Sigma* and *Tau*, in the constellation named. The apparent diameter of the nebulosity is from three to four minutes of degree, and it has a small brilliant nucleus. Time was that the announcement of a new comet would make a sensation. Now, however, the world is growing so wise, so scientific, and so matter of fact, that these things are received with scarcely an enquiry. This comet cannot be seen with the naked eye.

DECLARATION OF WAR.

The New Orleans Courier contains the following translation of an official notice from the Mexican General Woll, to President Houston. The General is a better soldier than statesman, or he would not recognize Texas as a nation, by addressing President Houston by his title.

"*Manifesto to President Samuel Houston, informing him of the re-commencement of hostilities against the usurpers of Texas.*

First Brigade of the North.
Head Quarters.

At the time fixed by the supreme government in the armistice concluded the 15th Feb. of the present year with the Commissioners of Texas, having expired, his excellency the President has called to mind, that from the 11th of the present month hostilities are re-opened against the inhabitants of this department, and I communicate to you the declaration of his excellency. I also make known to you that my government has seen with well founded indignation, the perfidy of the inhabitants of the said territory, towards a Republic whose generous conduct towards them they misunderstood, in relation to a question in which they were thought to be acting with good faith. They have abused the confidence of the Republic by violating the conditions of the armistice respecting the commissioners, who, according to the 4th article of said armistice, should have repaired to the city of Mexico, in order to regulate our difference so far as their propositions might be admissible. His excellency, the President, convinced that the honor and dignity of the nation require the chastisement of a conduct so little creditable, has ordered me to apprise you of his resolution, so that it may be well understood, that it is not through timidity or want of power, but because his excellency has always listened to the voice of humanity, that hostilities were not re-commenced at the period fixed by the armistice.

Notwithstanding my regret in thinking that blood is once more about to flow, yet, in transmitting to you the declaration of the President, I enjoy the satisfaction to find that justice is on the side of our cause, which reposes on sacred and imprescriptible rights. In this we place our confidence, as well as in the valor of our troops. When the struggle shall once more begin, the civilized world will judge between us, and the fortune of war cannot but be favorable to those who fight for their country against usurpers.

I have the honor to renew to you assurances of my high consideration. Adrien Woll.
Head Quarters, Mier, 19th June, 1844.
To Gen. Samuel Houston.

No movement had been made against Texas, except by manifesto, and advertising for supplies for "the army of operations."

NEW YORK EXCURSIONS.

The excursions to New York Bay, every Monday and Thursday, are becoming more and more fashionable. Nothing, indeed, can be pleasanter than this trip. You take the steamboat New Philadelphia, Capt. Hinkle, at seven o'clock, A. M., and proceed to Bordentown, after which the cars carry you to South Amboy, when you take the steamboat again, and make the circuit of Staten Island, passing along the wharves of New York, both on East River and on the Hudson. Towards evening you return by South Amboy and Bordentown to Philadelphia. The scenery on the route is elegant and diversified, especially along the shores of Staten Island; and the alternation from steamboat to rail-road, and from rail-road to steamboat, affords an agreeable variety. Those of our citizens who wish to escape from the heats of the city for a day, cannot find a better opportunity for recreation than this excursion presents.

I. O. OF O. F.

The Odd Fellows of Trenton, with delegations from the Grand Lodges of Delaware, Pennsylvania, New York and New Jersey, and the Grand and Subordinate Encampments, and the Subordinate Lodges of the same States, celebrated at Trenton, on Wednesday week, the anniversary of the formation of the Grand Lodge of New Jersey. Orations were delivered by J. W. S. Hows, of New York, and Stacey G. Potts, of Trenton. A large number of the members of the order were in attendance, notwithstanding the inclemency of the day. That circumstance delayed the formation of the procession somewhat, but with its banners and devices it made an imposing parade when once under way. About two thousand were in the procession. There are now twenty-five Subordinate Lodges in New Jersey—where, in 1841, there were but two.

OF DOUBTFUL BENEFIT.

We see it stated that a society in Boston, composed of some 1,500 citizens, pays one dollar a week to any poor sailor who has kept the Temperance Pledge one year. In the measures of all reformers mistakes are liable to be made—and this is decidedly a mistake, and a bad one. It is putting temperance upon entirely a wrong footing; for, with such motives to be abstemious, we may reasonably fear for the reformed man when his dollar is withdrawn. There are hundreds of ways in which the liberality of the friends of the sailor can be better exercised than in such a way as this. Besides, the truly reformed man can better afford to pay a dollar a week than to stoop to receive that sum—or any other—merely on the ground that he has ceased to labor for his own destruction.

TO THE HUMANE.

Efforts which we trust will be seconded here are making in many places for the relief of the sufferers by the Mississippi inundation. Twelve millions of property have been swept away, and two millions of persons are suffering more or less by the flood. The Cincinnati Atlas states that at all the settlements and plantations on the Mississippi, above Vicksburg, great sickness and suffering prevail, the effect of the late overflow of water. The Narragansett took on many sick persons on her last trip, of whom four died on the passage. Many of the settlers lost everything, and beg their passage up to any point on the Ohio, so that they can escape from the sickness and misery that surround them.

FUNERAL OF CAMPBELL.

In a late paper we stated that the remains of the poet Campbell were to be interred in Westminster Abbey. By the last arrival, we learn that the funeral took place on the 3d of July. Lord Brougham, Lord Aberdeen, Lord Campbell, Lord Morpeth, Sir Robert Peel, and other distinguished men, acted as pall-bearers. He was buried in nearly the centre of Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey, within a few yards of the tomb of Addison. The attendance of peers, members of parliament, eminent literary and scientific men, was considerable, including a considerable number of Poles, one of whom threw on the coffin a portion of earth from the grave of Kosciusko.

HATS OFF!

The Collector of New Orleans is in a law suit with a merchant of that city, which has rather a childish origin. It seems the collector, Alexander Barrett, Esq., just appointed, has made an order that no business shall be done with persons who do not take off their hats in the custom house. Money for duties on a lot of segars being tendered by a merchant with his hat on, the clerk refused to receive it. The merchant then went out, and returning with witnesses, made another tender of the money. It was again refused, and the merchant made a protest and has entered a suit for damages. This is most certainly a big business, all round.

IMPORTANT DECISION.

A decision was given a few days since, in the Supreme Court of New York, which virtually declares that the Marine Court of that city is one of record. This is very important to adopted citizens. Many foreigners who have gone through the process of law for the purpose of acquiring the rights of citizens, have attained their rights through the Marine Court. It now appears that all that has been done in this respect has been illegal. *The decision disfranchises a great part of the foreign voters in that city and State*, and will have considerable effect, it is said, on titles of real estate.

THE ENCAMPMENT.

The review of the military encamped at Princeton took place on Thursday of last week, and the encampment broke up on Friday. The occasion was one of great gratification to the thousands of spectators who had assembled, and notwithstanding the variable weather, which somewhat marred the pleasure of the fete, it will long be remembered with gratification.

RETROGRADE.

We are pained to find it stated, in too many places, to leave a doubt of the truth of the assertion, that intemperance is sadly on the increase in the city and county. We trust, however, that it may be checked. As intemperance is at once a cause and fruit of disorder, with the return of the reign of order, temperance may also resume its healthy sway. We cannot afford to lose the good effect that has been produced by so much labor and effort. Beside it is much to be feared that the "last state will be worse than the first"—for though men may sometimes reform by halves, they never relapse half way, but usually go far behind the point where reformation commenced.

HONOR TO THE BRAVE.

Mr. Struthers, our skilful and accomplished townsman, has in hand an appropriate and beautiful monument, which is to be placed over the remains of the gallant Hull, at Laurel Hill. It is nearly completed, and is modelled in the main after the tomb of Scipio. The base will be granite, the monument itself of the finest marble. The top is richly scrolled, and across the centre of the scroll, lying in graceful folds, is the American flag. On this, with the Union in his talons, is the Bald, or American Eagle, in marble. The position is animated and effective, and so light in appearance that one would scarcely think it stone.

A VETERAN DRUMMER.

The last surviving Drummer, who was in the ever memorable battle of Bunker Hill, is now living at Hartford, in Susquehannah County, Pennsylvania. His name is Rufus Kingsley. The old veteran enjoys good health, and is usually in fine spirits. He still retains the same old Drum which he used on the battle-field in '76. He served through the war of the Revolution, from the time when the first gun was fired for liberty, until the close of the first war, and was present at the surrender of Cornwallis, at Yorktown. It would be worth a journey to Susquehannah County to hear the old man beat a reveille.

DELAWARE DIVISON.

By act of the late Legislature, Commissioners were authorised to sell the Delaware Division of the Public Works for two million five thousand dollars, State Stock, now selling at 74½, to be taken at par, in payment. Twenty days are allowed by the act to complete the sale. On Monday the sale commenced, at the Exchange, in shares of $100 each, with the privilege of one share or a thousand. On Monday only three shares were taken, at par. On Tuesday twenty-one were disposed of, and on Wednesday none at all. This does not promise very well for the sale at the price asked.

MONUMENT TO LAWRENCE.

The New York Tribune, states that a sprited movement is now on foot among a portion of the military of that city, for re-erecting the monument of the gallant Lawrence, which now lies a mass of ruins, in Trinity Church yard, is progressing with much promise of success. The Committee having that laudable undertaking specially in charge, have already appointed a Sub-Committee to arrange preliminaries for the erection of a pile corresponding in some degree with the patriotic character and chivalric career of him who would "not give up the ship."

TELEGRAPH AHOY!

When our friend Freas goes away again from Germantown to seek country air, we hope he will leave somebody in charge who will not copy two articles from the Post, filling over two columns, endorse them as "interesting," and forget to endorse them as the Post's. Any body who can cabbage the City of Moscow, and spirit away the King of Sweden, at one pull, deserves to be visited by the ghost of Hamlet's daddy—for "there is no speculation in those eyes" that can't see the difference between mine and thine.

SERVED HER RIGHT.

A woman who buys more than one bonnet a month ought to pick her husband's pocket *before* she makes her purchases, and not leave the lawyers to do it afterwards—at least such would seem to be the law as decided by a late English verdict. In the Court of Queen's Bench, recently, a jury refused to make a husband responsible for an extravagant milliner's bill to his wife, comprehending amongst other items, ten new bonnets, and forty-three pairs of gloves in seven months.

THE DUQUESNE GRAYS.

This fine company of Pittsburg volunteers, after having visited Princeton, and remained in this vicinity two days longer than they had purposed, left the city on their return, on the night of Friday week. Their reception by the Philadelphians, citizens and soldiers, was cordial, and they have left a pleasant memory of their visit with their hosts, the counterpart of which, as guests, we believe they take away with them.

PORTRAIT OF MILTON.

A discovery has recently been made in London which will prove of some interest to the literary world. It is an old miniature of Milton, which has been purchased by the Duke of Buccleugh, and from which copies are to be engraved. It bears a general likeness to the portraits of the great poet, taken after his blindness—but has a finer, more youthful, and more elevated expression.

NEW ORLEANS.

The health of this city remained good at the last advices, and down to the first of this month no cases of yellow fever had made their appearance. The river was high, running over the levee in many places, and while it continued full the fever was not apprehended. When the water recedes, the laying bare of the mud of the bayous generates disease.

NEW JERSEY CONSTITUTION.

The new Constitution of our sister State, New Jersey, is published three times in every paper in the State, by law; and we guess some of the papers will not long outlive the publication. It will cost the treasury a pretty sum. The people are to decide by their votes on Tuesday next, whether it shall be adopted or not.

A BEAUTIFUL MACHINE.

Mr. Warner, a watch maker and jeweller, of London, has completed a working model of a high pressure steam engine, so small that it stands upon a fourpenny piece, with ground to spare. This would answer to drive Queen Mab's spinning wheel; or to turn the stone on which Puck grinds bad boys' noses.

AS WE SUPPOSED.

The case of the sailor who brought a suit for his wages against the Mexican steamer in New York, has been dismissed by the courts. It will be remembered that we doubted whether he could recover. His remedy is in a suit in the Mexican Courts. *Perhaps* he may go there to prosecute the claim.

A GOOD ORATOR.

The Annual Fair and Cattle Show of the New York State Agricultural Society comes off next September. Bancroft, the celebrated historian, is to be present and to address the meeting. His will be a sonorous performance in the delivery—worth hearing for the manner, as well as the matter.

THE COTTON CROP.

The Mobile Price Current, good authority, says that the season for cotton is three weeks in advance, this year, and that the tokens of an abundant yield were never more promising. On reliable data it promises an abundant crop for the whole cotton region.

THE MORMONS.

The famous temple commenced by Joe Smith, the murdered prophet, at Nauvoo, is still progressing, and the "Mormons" are as zealous as ever. There is no doubt, we think, that the sect will increase faster now, than ever before.

BUSINESS AHEAD.

It is said that every machine shop in New England, capable of turning out factory machinery, has orders for twelve months ahead. In this vicinity this, as well as other branches of mechanical industry, is also in a prosperous condition.

FRUIT.

Fruit is, this season, very abundant in every part of the country, and cheap as well as good. Immense quantities are exposed in our markets, and it appears to be freely bought. We notice that peaches have commanded ten cents apiece in Cincinnati, but that was a fortnight since—and the fruit was of rare size, some of it measuring seven inches in circumference. Good peaches, of that size, would be worth a fip apiece, at least, in any state of the market.

SABBATH CONVENTION.

We have received, in a neat pamphlet, the proceedings of the Sabbath Convention, held at Harrisburgh, in May. The address to the public, adopted at that time, has been published in the Post.

Local Intelligence.

GRAND JURY PRESENTMENT.

The Grand Jury, in their late presentment, recommend the establishment of a body of police, in addition to the present, to serve in watches day and night, to be supplied with mace and rattle, but not with fire arms; and to come out at the call of the authorities, to any part of the city and district, when necessary. It is proposed that the whole number of this force shall be four hundred and fifty, of which, two hundred and forty-eight shall be maintained by the city, and the residue by the districts. The several corporations are recommended to appoint Committees, to confer together and draft an ordinance, to be afterward passed by each district, and the city. The jury say also, that there is no evidence to implicate the Sheriff, as to the performance of his duty, during the late riots—that as to a civil posse he was entirely powerless, not because he did not do his duty in summoning, but because the people did not turn out in support of him.

The Jury think that the event proved the necessity of placing arms in certain churches for their protection, but think the plan will be hereafter wholly abandoned. They present certain engine and hose companies as nuisances, which require an immediate abatement, *to wit*: The Fairmount, Weccacoe and Southwark Engines, and the Good Will and Weccacoe Hose. The Jury say in their presentment also, that if the first assailants of a peaceable meeting in Kensington, had been promptly arrested, the subsequent meeting would not have been disturbed, no riots would have occurred, and citizens would not have been brought in array against each other, before the cannon's mouth.

The presentment repeats the recommendation which has been made in many places, that there should be passed, a riot act, fixing the time when the order to fire upon a mob shall be given. In relation to the two riots, and the military, we copy the following paragraph:

"The cause of the late outbreak in the District of Southwark may be attributed to an attack made upon a meeting of citizens in the District of Kensington, in the early part of the month of May last. The feelings engendered in the minds of a portion of the people by the events of that murderous outrage upon the constitutional rights of citizens, was of such a character as not to be soon forgotten, and the first plausible pretext was seized upon for the perpetration of new scenes of violence and disorder. The arming of the church of St. Philip de Neri presented that pretext, and a mob more formidable and systematic in their movements than any which ever occured in this country, was not overcome and dispersed until they were fired upon by the military, and several of the number killed. The services of the military to sustain and enforce the laws, can only be justified when the civil power is found to be unavailable for that purpose, and the Grand Jury are satisfied, from the evidence before them, that the services of the military on the occasion of the late riots was absolutely required, as the civil power had proved insufficient."

Terrible Accident.—Another terrible accident occurred in this city, last week, by playing with fire-arms. Two young men, residing in Fourth street, above Shippen, Southwark, were playing with a rifle, when one of them, named James Leach, thoughtlessly pulled the trigger, and sent the whole charge into the head of his cousin, Hugh Mooney, who died instantly. The gun belonged to another cousin, who had brought it home to draw the load, but having no ball screw, had neglected to do so. Of course, the unfortunate author of the accident did not know it was loaded, as he had not heard the caution which the owner gave. Loaded arms should, in no case, be thus left exposed—nor should any one, at any time, play with such weapons.

Military Spirit.—Among the many effects of the recent riots a new impetus has been given to the military spirit in this vicinity. Many important changes are in progress in the organization of the military. Several new companies are forming, and old companies are re-organizing into new regiments. A new battalion of artillery is to be formed in the second brigade, (Col. Goodman's) properly organized, and furnished with field pieces, and the rifles in the same brigade are to be formed into a distinct battallion. Changes are taking place in other brigades also, and the ranks of the volunteers are fast filling up.

The Markle Rifles.—This new corps made an excursion last week to Penns Grove, for the double purpose of recreation and target practice. The prizes were, a silver pitcher, to be shot for by the guests and a silver medal to be contended for by the corps. Many of the officers of this division accompanied the party, and many other guests. The pitcher was won by Mr. Jules Pullin, a member of the new rifle corps just organized in the 5th ward, Southwark. The medal was won by Sergeant Green of the Markles. The day was very agreeably spent.

Fire in Southwark.—On Tuesday morning, between 12 and 1 o'clock, a fire broke out in the Starch Manufactory of Mr. John Keefe, in Marion street, below Second, which was almost entirely destroyed. The fire extended to a blacksmith's shop on one side, and to a stable on the other side, belonging to Mrs. Cozens—both of which were nearly destroyed. Disaffection on account of the presentment of the Grand Jury kept some of the firemen back, but there were others who worked with their usual alacrity.

A Mercantile Beneficial Association has been formed in this city, whose objects are—"the promotion of friendship and brotherly affection amongst its members, the distribution under proper regulations, of pecuniary aid to such of them as may at any time stand in need of it, the pleasant interchange of kind feelings and views between the older and younger members, whether as merchants or clerks, employers or employed, and the incidental elevation of the mercantile character of our city and State."

Military Funeral.—The remains of Corporal Charles B. Raphun, of the National Grays, were interred on Monday, with military honors, at the Monument Cemetery. His death is attributed to fatigue and exposure during the Kensington riots. Mr. R. was much beloved as a man and a soldier. The Grays Captain Fritz, and the Guards, Capt. Hill, performed escort duty. The Perseverance Hose Company, of which he was a member, preceded the hearse.

Spring Garden Commissioners.—The Board met on Monday evening, and no business of importance was done, except a report from the watch and lamp committee, stating that three additional watchmen had been appointed, new lamps, &c., put up in the District, and a re-organization of the line of watch, so as to make it an efficient police. The Treasurer reported the sum of $2,306 51 in the treasury.

☞ A young man, named Josiah Nichols, was committed by the Mayor, on Saturday last, charged with being engaged in the riot at the burning of St. Augustine's Church. On that occasion he was arrested by officers James Young and Jackson, but was rescued by the mob. The officers fully identified him.

☞ The new steamer Ashland has returned from her trip to New York, having made about thirty-seven hours running time each way. She is driven by the Loper propeller.

Intemperance and Murder.—An inquest was held, on Monday, on the body of a woman who died from intemperance and injuries inflicted by her husband, on the Friday previous. Her name was Rebecca Brown, and she lived with her husband, James Brown, in Gulielma street, Moyamensing. Both husband and wife seem to have been drunk. The injuries inflicted were of the most beastly and revolting character.

☞ Our townsman, John Haviland, Esq., the architect, has offered to present designs for monuments to be erected to the memory of Guyer and Troutman, members of the Germantown Blues, of Col. Goodman's regiment, who fell in sustaining the laws, in Southwark, on the night of the 7th ult.

Moyamensing.—At a meeting of the Moyamensing Commissioners, on Monday afternoon, a Committee was appointed, in accordance with the recommendation of the Grand Jury, to confer with similar Committees of the city and districts, for the purpose of forming a centralized police.

Launch.—A beautiful brig of 220 tons burthen, called the "Adelia," was launched from the ship yard of Messrs. Simpson & Neill, Southwark, last week. She is owned by John B. Bernadeu, Esq., and is intended as a regular packet to trade between this port and St. Jago de Cuba.

☞ Alderman Thompson, last week, committed a man, calling himself Thomas McCowan, who hails from New Jersey, with a participation in the recent riots in Southwark. The charge was founded upon confessions made to those who testified against him.

☞ The corps of Mechanic Rifle, Captain Mintzer, paraded on Monday afternoon for target practice. Private Gibson won the first prize of a silver medal; and private Comber the second prize, a handsome tomahawk.

☞ Upwards of fifty vessels, many of them square rigged, arrived at this port on Tuesday; and business continues to look more cheerful in the water line of the city than any where else.

☞ John Hall has been appointed by the Governor, Inspector of whiskey and domestic distilled spirits, for the city and county, in place of Joseph Hall, resigned.

Cape May.—There are less than a thousand visitors at Cape May, and plenty of room for those who desire to visit this delightful watering place.

FROM OUR OWN Correspondent.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

Bristol, England, July 17, 1844.

I must, for once, endeavor to be a little more literary than usual, though, alas! on a mournful subject. I allude to the death of Thomas Campbell, the "Poet of Hope." Of the many distinguished poets, who in the early part of the present century, formed a brilliant galaxy, of which Campbell was a "bright particular star,"—Wordsworth, Moore and Rogers alone remain to us. These have long ceased to publish, and it is probable that the world has no more to expect from them. But they, with Byron, Scott, Southey, Coleridge, Crabbe and others, revived English poetry, and raised the literature of England to an elevation, only rivalled by the awakened mind of Germany, and not approached by any other European nation. Campbell died full of years, and the respect, esteem and affection of his friends and countrymen. Although he produced less than any of his great contemporaries, except Rogers, all he has left is excellent, and his writings will not only long live in the hearts of those "who loved him living, and who mourn him dead"—but they will hold high rank in the classics of England, while the English language shall endure. The remains of this great and good man were interred a few days since, in Poet's Corner, Westminster Abbey; and it is gratifying to record that the funeral obsequies were attended by many who are great in rank or distinguished in literature. The Jerusalem Chamber was thronged with the friends and admirers of the deceased poet, anxious to pay a just tribute of respect to the memory of the author of the "Pleasures of Hope." Amongst the mourners were Lords Brougham, Campbell, Morpeth, Aberdeen, Sir Robert Peel, Sir John Cam Hobhouse, &c., &c.,—the funeral service being read by the Rev. H. Millman, himself a poet of a high order—in a very impressive manner. Much has been written in relation to the death of Campbell—but nothing that I have seen, is more pleasing or appropriate than a semi-dramatic sketch, which has appeared in a celebrated paper, entitled "A Poet's Grave." In this poem, the author of which modestly conceals his name, the interior of the Abbey is seen by moonlight, and a Chorus of Spirits sing:

"Why hold ye here this Feast of midnight Mirth,
Disturbing all our ancient, quiet tombs?"

Another chorus answers:

"See! through the glimmering distance, something comes,
A stranger from the earth!"
"It is the Bard of Hope," &c.

After a very beautiful poetic dialogue, sung by spirits—some enshrined, some disembodied—and other spectres of the classic Poets' Corner—they all join in chorus, thus:

"Sleep! gentle shade!
Within thy honored tomb!
The wreath that Fame bestowed on thee,
Is doom'd to live eternally—
It cannot fade,
For every Muse hath bid it ever bloom!"

A statue is to be erected to his memory, but his own writings will prove enduring as time itself—outliving the sculptured marble, and challenging the admiration of mankind, long after the latter shall have mouldered into decay.

"Ye old Cathedral aisles,
On whom new lustre's shed,
By this unsent-for Poet's smiles—
Lay his head
By those kindred spirits he
Rivalled so in witchery
Of magic, spell-wrought Poesy!"

Parisian letters to celebrated *modistes* contain many items that will be deemed interesting by your fair readers; and among others, the following description of a new Promenade Dress. "Robe of very pale rose-colored taffeta, open skirt, trimmed with a silk trimming, forming a chain of rings, and laced from the waist as low as the knee. Corsage flat, mounted and pointed, open in front; demi-pelerine, falling in the sleeve and descending to a point at the bottom of the corsage, trimmed round with passementerie—sleeves half long, pointed at the back. White bonnet, trimmed with yellow roses, and a small veil. Robe of very pale green barege, with only one flounce." There is *sentiment* in such ethereal dresses and colors, as Beau Brummell would have said. There has been a superb "Waverly Ball" at Almack's, at which a vast number of the most fashionable nobility and gentry were present—all dressed to represent characters in Sir Walter Scott's novels. Nearly 1,500 of the *elite* attended, and a Grand Waverly Quadrille of 48 characters, was danced under the direction of the Marchioness of Londonderry. It is estimated that about £4,000 will be added to the funds of the Committee, for the completion of the Scott monument. We have another Royal visitor, or rather an off-shoot of Royalty, in the advent of the Princess Augusta, Mecklenburg Strelitz, who comes to England on a visit to the Queen and Royal Family. *Apropos* of Royalty—the Royal Marriage Act has proved fatal to the cause of Sir Augustus d'Este, the Committee of Privileges in the House of Lords, having decided against his claim to the Sussex Peerage. There has been a marriage in high life—Lord Charles Wellesley, second son of the Duke of Wellington, having married the Hon. Miss Pierrepont, daughter of the Right Honorable H. Manvers Pierrepont, at St. George's Church, Hanover Square, which was literally crowded on the occasion, by one of the *most fashionable congregations* ever seen within its walls. Mr. Scholefield, the well known and able member of Parliament for Birmingham, died a few days since. Few men, either in public or private life, will more regretted.

Louis Napoleon is still confined at Ham. He has written a work on the extinction of pauperism, and is so popular with his guards, that they are frequently changed for fear of an *emeute* among them in his favor. There are 15,000 political refugees in France, to about one-third of whom, the Government allows small pensions. The viciously insidious and falsely sentimental novels of Madame George Sand, Eugene Sue, Paul de Kock, *et id hoc genus omne*, are believed by moralists to be doing more towards depraving the French people than any writings that have yet appeared. Translations of them are mischievous in this country. I pray you, therefore, to discourage such moral poison in the United States. The once beautiful *Contessa di Guiccioli*, who held Byron in her silken chains, has now grown old and ugly. *Sic transit*, &c. The number of war steamers in the French Navy is to be increased. The largest size one propelled by 540 horse power—the largest size in the British Navy, (the Terrible,) by 800 horse power. There are several first class frigates of 600 and 640. Mr. Edward Jeffrey, of Devenport, was ship-wrecked six years ago in the German Ocean, supposed by his friends to be lost, and mourned accordingly. But lo! a few days since, Mr. J. returned home, having been picked up by an outward-bound Indiaman, and having afterwards entered on board a man-of-war in the South Seas. At Lampeter, a few days since, a young soldier blew his brains out, because he was slightly imprisoned by his officers for having gone off duty without leave, to visit the girl of his heart. She followed him to the grave in extreme grief. It is quite a common trick here, to paint sparrows yellow, and sell them for canaries. Mr. Booth, a great writer on steam, contends that the Atlantic may be crossed in seven days, with narrow and sharp vessels. It may be so—but would not such ships risk the lives of passengers?

Several Bohemians have arrived at Paris, where they have introduced a new dance called the "Lavouski," which is said to be *un peu trop libre*. The Count Rocchi, of Ancona, in Italy, a public financier, has left the "Halls of his Fathers"—having first taken care of about a million of francs, which were otherwise expected to produce a kind of plethora in several public Exchequers, into which the said million ought to have found their way. It is whispered all over Paris, and even published, that the *Prince de Joinville* has stolen much of the contents of his pamphlet on the French Navy—from a previous *brochure*, written and published by a Naval Captain, several years ago. The English nobility have given an unusual number of parties, such as *soirees musicales—sorees dansantes, &c. &c.* Indeed the columns of the London Morning Herald and Post have literally teemed with accounts of them for several weeks past.

Religious Intelligence.

Bibles.—An officer of the American Bible Society publishes a communication in a New York paper, stating that the demand for Bibles is far greater than the pecuniary ability to supply. The call for French and German Bibles is greater than ever before. Numerous requests come from the Western States and Territories, from Texas, from Honduras, from the West Indies, from France, from the Choctaw Nation, and other more distant missionary stations.

☞ The American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions, in Western New York, assembled at Geneva, N. Y., on Monday week. Dr. Moses Bristol, President pro tem, and Rev. Samuel Hopkins, of Fredonia, Secretary. The decease of the Rev. Dr. Grant was feelingly announced, and resolutions adopted for the furtherance of an energetic and systematized diffusion of Christianity among the Heathens.

☞ The Synod of Nova Scotia, hitherto in connection with the Church of Scotland, at the annual meeting week before last, at Pictou, after a long discussion, passed a resolution, 11 to 4, "repudiating" any connection between that body and the Scottish Establishment, and declaring its designation to be "The Presbyterian Church of Nova Scotia."

☞ The late Wm. Stevenson, Esq., of Stamford, England, has bequeathed £4,000 for building a church at Deeping Fen; £200 for keeping the same in repair; and £5,000 for the purpose of providing an income for the minister.

☞ Rev. Asa Cummings, editor of the Christian Mirror, has purchased from the Maine Missionary Society, the proprietorship of that paper, and will publish it on his own responsibility.

☞ The corner stone of a new church, of which the Rev. Amos A. Phelps is to be the pastor, was laid in Boston with the usual impressive religious ceremonies, on Saturday.

☞ St. Thomas' Church, in Broadway, New York, is about to be remodelled in its interior at an expense of $10,000. $8,000 have already been subscribed.

☞ Rev. Gardner Spring, D. D., pastor of the church in Beekman street, New York, delivered on Sunday last, his thirty-fifth anniversary sermon.

☞ The Presbyterian General Assembly lately sat at Derry, for the first time since the union of the Irish Presbyterians under that title.

☞ The British Wesleyan Conference was held this year in Birmingham. It commenced its sittings on Wednesday, the 31st ult.

☞ The corner stone of St. Luke's Church, Chelsea, Mass., was laid by Bishop Eastburn on Monday, the 5th inst.

Items of News.

☞ The amount of revenue received at the New York Custom House, for the single week ending at 3 o'clock, July 31, was $600,000—a larger amount, we believe, than was ever received in one week before. The amount of revenue received at the New York Custom House for the month of July is $1,914,339—*nearly two millions of dollars!*

☞ An iron factory has recently been established in Benton county, Ala., at which they make castings of every description, which are said to be equal in every respect to any brought from elsewhere. They can be sold at seven cents per pound, and yield a handsome interest on the amount invested, while those from abroad sell at twelve cents.

☞ Mr. Adam Anthony, of North Providence, the Providence Chronicle says, during the month of April, sent to market *eight tons two hundred and fifty-six pounds of milk*, the produce of twenty-seven cows. The average quantity of milk which each cow gave daily, was eight quarts and three gills.

☞ Uncle Johnny Jones, gave, at Clairborne, Miss., on the 4th ult., a toast, the consummation of which would encourage the growth of peppers, in spite of tears, "here and elsewhere." It was:

A pod of red pepper in every man's eye,
That don't celebrate the Fourth of July

Down by the Run.—Last week, a workman undertaking to descend from the steeple of a new church, in Baltimore, by a rope, took hold of the wrong part, and came down by the run. He struck upon his feet, and though considerably shocked, soon recovered.

☞ The Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, of which Daniel Webster is President, has, through that distinguished gentleman, given the sum of $500 to the Boston Mercantile Library Association, for the purchase of books.

☞ The mechanics of Maine are to hold a great convention at Portland on the 20th of August, when several orations will be delivered, and business of general interest to their social and educational elevation transacted.

☞ Mr. Maurice Hogan, an American planter in Cuba, charged with being concerned in the recent attempted insurrection, has been honorably acquitted and discharged from prison.

☞ At Rockville, Md., no less than five persons have been bitten by mad dogs; among others, Col. Heiter.

United States SATURDAY POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

$3 per annum—$2 if paid in advance; $1,25 in advance for six months.

Postmasters are requested to *frank* their letters addressed to us. The word "*free*" of itself is not a frank.

Agents will please endorse their letters with their names or initials.

Other letters will not be taken from the Post Office unless the postage is paid.

Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year's subscription, and then only at the option of the Publisher if arrearages are due.

Small Bank Notes of solvent Banks received in payment for our bills.

Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always give names and time paid for.

Removals must always state the Post Office *removed from*, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

LIST OF AGENTS.

☞ The following agents will still act for the Saturday Post, under the new publishing arrangements.

☞ TRAVELLING AGENTS for Graham's Magazine, United States Saturday Post, and the Ladies' National Magazine.

☞ We have no travelling agent by the name of Winchester.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana and Michigan, assisted by *Moses Meeker, Jos. R. Smith, G. H. Comstock, J. R. Humphreys, J. T. Dent and E. Y. Jennings.*

JOHN NIMMO, Canada, East and West.

HENRY M. LEWIS is collecting for us in Alabama and Tennessee.

ISRAEL E. JAMES is Agent for us in the South and South-Western States and Florida, assisted by *James K. Whipple, William H. Weld, O. H. P. Stem, and Henry Platt.*

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Pennsylvania.

JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

Notices of New Works.

TYPOGRAPHIA: OR, THE PRINTER'S INSTRUCTOR. *By Thomas F. Adams, Typographer. Philadelphia: Robinson & Peterson.* Here is a work which should be in the hands of every publisher, every printer, (principal, foreman, or "jour," pressman, or compositor,) every boy, who would understand his business, every man or woman who writes for the press; and in fine, every body whatever who would possess a knowledge of the history, theory, and details of the "Art preservative of Arts." To those who have at all looked into the subject, we need say nothing, but we can assure those who are not at present acquainted at all with the "secrets" of the "black art," that they will find this work as instructive and interesting as any which has ever been published descriptive of arts and trades.

It embraces a brief sketch of the origin, rise, and progress of printing, practical directions for conducting every department of an office—hints to authors and publishers; and descriptions of the various apparatus of an office, with the recent improvements. To specify the matters of interest and importance contained in it would be to write an essay on printing, for which we have not leisure nor space. The portion of the work devoted to proofs and corrections, is calculated to be of great utility, if those concerned, particularly writers, would only study its rules, and obey its admonitions. Vile chirography is, we know, affected by some men, as an accomplishment—and to such eccentrics it is of no use to talk. We only hope they may always suffer the full penalty of their ridiculous affectation, in abundance of errors, plenty of smart money for the time taken up in correcting them, and in the mortification of finding errors of magnitude escape correction after all. Such is generally the case where bad manuscript makes foul proofs, and unintelligible scrawling suggests alterations and emendations.

To those who really try to write in such a manner that they may be easily read, a few hints may not be out of place. They should, in their original manuscript, supply every point, from a comma upwards, which they wish inserted, and distinctly mark or make every capital, italic, or small capital letter, every paragraph, and every quotation mark. It is easier to do these things in the original manuscript than to mark them in the proof. The printer should have nothing to do but to "follow copy," sure that the closer he follows it, the safer he will be;—unless indeed it should happen to blow out of a sixth story window. In that case he may be excused from rigid adherence to the precept.

We hope our own correspondents will ponder these instructions—and that every one of them will buy this book, at the earliest opportunity. It is neatly printed, in a style worthy of its subject, and of its dedication to "The Philadelphia Typographical Society."

DUTY IS SAFETY, OR TROUBLESOME TOM; JACK THE SAILOR BOY; AND THINK BEFORE YOU ACT. *By Mrs. Sherwood. Philadelphia: George S. Appleton.* The above mentioned little tales are published in three little volumes, each complete in itself. They are liberally illustrated, and put up in a neat and substantial, as well as attractive form. They are sold at a price for each book which will enable those who desire to make a child an acceptable present to do it at a trifling cost. It is hardly necessary to say any thing to the American public of the character of the writings of Mrs. Sherwood; and as to the opinions of children upon those portions of her works prepared for them, it is well known that the little critics are delighted with them. It is a rare talent which can accommodate itself to the youthful mind; and it is also, an exceedingly useful gift. Mrs. Sherwood has a large claim upon the thanks of the world in this respect; and we are bound, also, to feel some gratitude to publishers who put her little stories in so advantageous a form as this.

VALUABLE THEOLOGICAL WORKS. The Appletons are nearly ready to issue several valuable theological works. Among them is an edition of the complete works of "that learned and judicious divine, Mr. Richard Hooker," with Isaac Walton's Biography, and Keble's preface. This work will appear in two handsome octavos, uniform with Pearson and Burnet, as published by the same house. Another work about to be issued is a volume of Practical Sermons by Bradley, uniform with the other volume published some time since by the same firm; or those who prefer it, may have the two volumes bound in one. These sermons have the approval and endorsement of distinguished clergymen of the Presbyterian, the Baptist, the Methodist, and Dutch Reformed, as well as the Protestant Episcopal Church. They are eminently practical and useful.

LIVES OF BENEFACTORS—*Parley's Cabinet Library. Philadelphia: Zieber & Co.* The fourth volume of Parley's Cabinet Library is devoted to "Lives of Benefactors," including not only those who are usually spoken of as such, but Patriots, Reformers, Inventors, Discoverers, and others whose talents or virtues have benefitted mankind. These biographies are brief, but comprehensive; and the biographical series of the Library will form a most excellent introduction to the study of biography in later years.

THE CYCLOPEDIA OF MEDICINE. *Part X. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.* This number contains articles on various diseases of the heart, contributed by Drs. Hope, Williams, Dunglison and Townsend; and on hemorrhage, hereditary transmission of disease, and other topics, by Drs. Watson, Browne, Thompson, Ash, Johnson, Kerr, Darwall and Joy. Each number contains over a hundred pages, and the work, when complete, will be one of the most comprehensive ever published.

THE WANDERING JEW, *Number Two. By Eugene Sue.* We can imagine the New York News-boys making the public ear ache again with this triple rhyme. The work as published by Mr. Winchester is translated from the French manuscript, by Henry W. Herbert. It is thus received in advance of its arrival by any other mode, and is caught up with avidity by the public. *Zieber & Co.* and *Robinson & Peterson*, have it in this city.

SHAKSPEARE'S PLAYS. No. 18 of Shakspeare's Plays, Hewitt's Edition, has been received by *Zieber & Co.*, and by *Robinson & Peterson.* It finishes the play of Romeo and Juliet, and contains some absolute gems in the way of engraving.

LOWELL OFFERING.—We have received this work for August from Colon & Adriance, and take the opportunity to recommend it anew to the readers of Magazine Literature.

☞ Colon has sent us the American Farmers Almanac for 1845. It contains receipts for all sorts of things from the treatment of pickles to that of hydrophobia.

Army & Navy.

☞ The U. S. Revenue Steamer Legare, Captain Howard, much to the gratification of its inhabitants, paid a visit to the city of Richmond last week, being, the Compiler says, the second armed vessel that ever came to "Rockets." The other case was that of an armed sloop which was fitted out during the last war to protect the Virginia rivers from the depredation of the British barges. The Legare attracted much attention, and was visited by the public authorities of Richmond and a large number of its citizens.

☞ The brig Lime Rock, Capt. Auld, was at New Orleans on the 25th ult., in sixty-six days from Simon, via Monrovia, Liberia and West Africa. She left on the Coast, on the 25th of May, the U. S. ships Macedonian and Saratoga, bound on a cruise to leeward as far as the Isle of St. Thomas. The U. S. ship Decatur and brig Porpoise were cruising to windward. The health of the officers and crews of the squadron on that station was good when last heard from.

☞ At the recent annual examination of the West Point Academy, the number of graduates was twenty-five. The first in rank of the graduate class was Cadet Wm. G. Peck, of Litchfield, Ct., who received the appointment of "Brevet Second Lieutenant attached to the Corps of Topographical Engineers." The second in rank was Cadet Joseph H. Whittlesey, of Rochester, N. Y.

The U. S. sloop of war Vandalia arrived at Pensacola on Thursday, the 25th inst. Officers and crew all well. She sailed from Port-au-Prince on the 8th, reached Aux Cayes on the 11th, and sailed next day.

☞ Commander H. H. Cooke, of the U. S. East India Squadron, came passenger in the ship Phoenix, arrived at Sag Harbor, 28th ult.; his return is on account of ill-health.

☞ Capt. Smoot has been ordered to the U. S. ship Pennsylvania, at Norfolk, in place of Capt. Zantzinger, whose term of command has expired.

☞ The U. S. Frigate United States, was at Callao on the 3d of January last, in twenty-two days from Tahiti—the shortest passage ever made.

☞ Ship Mercury, at New Bedford, spoke April 5th, 1844, at sea, lat. 33 37, long. 79 04 W., the U. S. ship Erie, all well.

Educational.

WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.—Beside the $20,000 raising for a professorship in this University, by the New York Conference, (about $18,000 of which are already subscribed,) the Providence and New England Conferences are making an effort to raise a like sum—about $5,000 of which were subscribed at the Providence Conference. In all the Conferences, about $37,000 have been subscribed within the last year, and efforts will be made to increase them to 75,000, to found three or more professorships.

☞ The prize of a gold medal, offered by the Boylston Medical Committee of Harvard University, for the best essay on the subject of vaccination, has been awarded to Mr. Samuel Forry, editor of the New York Journal of Medicine. The questions propounded by the Medical Committee were the following:—"To what extent is the human system protected from small-pox by innoculation with the cow-pox? Is the protection increased by re-vaccination, and if so, under what circumstances?"

☞ The commencement at the Union College, Schenectady, took place on Wednesday week. The graduating class numbered seventy-six. A correspondent of the New York Commercial says: "The venerable President Nott, now upwards of 83 years old, is as sprightly and active as the youngest of us. He and John Quincy Adams are among the wonders of the age, for their intellectual and physical vigor at such an advanced period of life."

HAMILTON COLLEGE.—The annual commencement of this institution was held on Wednesday, the 24th ult., in Clinton, N. Y. The degree of A. B. was conferred on nineteen members of the class; that of A. M. on two of the alumni, and on Saml. Gridley and Dennis Platt; and that of D. D. on Wm. D. Strobell, of Otsego county.

☞ The commencement at Dartmouth College was celebrated on the 25th ult. Fifty-nine young men received the degree of A. B. The honorary degree of D. D. was conferred upon Rev. B. B. Edwards, Professor at the Seminary in Andover.

WASHINGTON COLLEGE, HARTFORD.—The annual commencement of this institution took place on Thursday week. Graduates ten. The honorary degree of L.L. D. was conferred upon Roger S. Baldwin, Governor of the State of Connecticut.

Foreign Intelligence.

ARRIVAL OF THE CALEDONIA.

TWELVE DAYS LATER.

By the arrival of the Caledonia at Boston, we are in possession of foreign dates twelve days later than our previous advices. The Caledonia made her passage in twelve days and sixteen hours, including her stoppage at Halifax. The Acadia made her passage out in twelve and a half days, including her detention at Halifax.

The news by this arrival, with the exception of the commercial intelligence, is not important. Cotton had declined fully a half-penny, and the stock on hand fully a million of bales, together with the expected arrivals from the United States, forbade any hope of a permanent rally of prices. It was supposed by judges that at the close of the year the stock on hand would exceed that at the commencement.

Business generally was reviving. Money was abundant, and to be had at low rates of interest. The crops were in a promising state, and harvesting in some sections had already commenced. It was supposed that the yield would be more than the average, but the best judges think that the cheap bread stuffs will improve rather than lessen the demand for other articles of provision.

In the provision market we notice a continued demand for fine beef and pork, the inferior qualities being hardly inquired for. Sales of cheese were small, the article being out of condition, and purchases made only for immediate consumption. Lard had been largely imported, and consequently had fallen in price. There was a fair sale for tallow, and "grease butter" was in demand. The following are the latest London quotations:

PROVISIONS—AMERICAN.—We have had a good demand for Beef and Pork, of fine quality; Beef at 30s. to 44s. per cwt., duty paid. India Beef, for ship's use, 80s. per tierce; prime Mess, 65s. to 70s.; prime Mess Pork, 38s. to 50s. per barrel, and Hams, 38s. to 40s. per cwt. Lard, of good quality, is in fair request, at 35s. to 37s. 6d. Hams, smoked, are worth 50s. to 52s., and in pickle at 34s. to 36s. per cwt. The good and fine sorts of Cheese have been taken freely at 46s. to 52s.; inferior and middling sorts meet a slow sale at 35s. to 42s.

TOBACCO.—Holders appear rather anxious to effect sales, and prices generally are ½d. per lb. lower. There are buyers at still lower rates, but no sellers. Maryland is little noticed, for the better sorts of Negrohead there is a good demand at present.

PARLIAMENTARY.

A leading topic of Parliamentary discussion, had been a Railway Regulation Bill, introduced by the Government, and carried through a second reading in the House, 186 to 98. It met a strenuous opposition in the House, and a still more bitter opposition outside, the whole railway interest being against it. It is intended to refer to the future railways, and gives the Board of Trade revision of the tolls, or fares. It gives the Government also the right to purchase the road, after fifteen years, and contains many inquisitorial regulations to keep the profits down to ten per cent. It also directs the establishment of third class carriages, to run once a week, at a charge not exceeding a penny a mile. This is the most popular feature of the bill.

The opening of letters by order or connivance of the Government, still excited a great deal of notice. A Committee had been appointed, the result of whose discoveries was not to be made public. No lawyers were selected from the House, but two from the Lords, Brougham and Cottenham, and Mr. Duncombe, the proposer of the measure is left out.

O'Connell's appeal to the House of Lords, was still undecided. Certain questions had been submitted to the Law Lords, then absent on their circuits, and the decision could not be made until they answered. It is said that the Lord Chancellor has admitted that the Jury was fraudulently made up.

Palmerston had brought forward the Slave Trade Question again. Palmerston was severe upon the United States for declining to come into the treaty arrangement. Sir Robert, on the other hand, spoke of the United States as co-operating with other nations for the suppression of the trade, and laid the whole blame of its continuance upon Spain and Brazil.

MISCELLANEOUS.

We hear nothing, by this arrival, of any Royal birth. The last dates are the 19th from Liverpool.

The House of Lords has decided against the claims of Sir Augustus D'Este to the Sussex Peerage.

The quarterly returns of the revenue to the 5th ult., exhibit an increase in the revenue over the corresponding quarter of the preceding year, £448,574, and in the revenue of the year over that of the year ending July 5, 1843, of £2,440,336. The excess over the expenses of Government, is £2,095,427—a quarter part of which, is to be applied to the purchase of Stock and Exchequer Notes—thus reducing the national debt about half a million.

The average aggregate amount of promissory notes in circulation during the month ending June 22, was £37,728,726—viz: England, £29,042,161; Ireland, £5,568,577; and Scotland, £3,117,988. Bullion in the Bank of England, £15,898,000.

The new charter of the Bank of England will be in full operation in the course of a few weeks from the present time.

The London Committee announce that they have received £3,500 in sums of from one penny to ten guineas, in aid of the national testimonial to Mr. Rowland Hill, the great and successful advocate of penny postage.

A Sheriff's officer, on going last week to execute a writ at a dye works, at Govan, near Glasgow, was thrown into a vat, which caused his death.

At the Leeds Borough Sessions, last week, four soldiers of the 70th infanty were convicted of being concerned in the late attack on the police, and sentenced, one to twelve, the rest to eight months' imprisonment.

The prize of one hundred guineas for the best essay on Education, offered by a liberal Churchman, at Manchester, through the Rev. D. Vaughan, has been awarded to the Rev. Dr. Hamilton, of Leeds.

Mr. Pressly, of the Stamps and Taxes, declares authoritatively, that every aperture admitting light, however made, and through whatever material, whether in a cellar, closet, &c., of a house, is liable to the window duties.

Mr. John Travers, who figured conspicuously in London, as a public man on the liberal side, died suddenly, recently, in his fifty-seventh year.

The customs' receipts at Liverpool, for the month ending the 5th instant, have reached half a million sterling; and the receipts for the first half of the present year, have exceeded £2,150,000, or nearly one-fourth of the entire customs of the whole kingdom for the same period.

Works for a new harbor at Aberdeen, have been contracted for by Messrs. Oldham, builders and railway contractors, of Cheltenham. The sum is £99,660. When completed, the new harbor will be one of the most commodious in the kingdom.

In England, there are 1,075 cotton factories, employing 183,243 hands; in Scotland, 159 factories and 32,580 hands; in Ireland 28 factories and 4,014 hands.

Steam-tugs, with screw propellors, have been successfully introduced on the Union Canal from Glasgow.

IRELAND.

There are now, in Ireland, 26,000 troops, exclusive of ten thousand police, and the enrolled pensioners. It is deemed unsafe to withdraw any of this force from Ireland, while Mr. O'C. remains in prison. Nothing, since Mr. O'C.'s imprisonment, has been published from his pen; and the reason is supposed to be, that the issue of manifestoes would be followed by the deprivation of writing materials. It is stated that Mr. O'C. is relieving the tedium of confinement, by dictating his autobiography to an amanuensis.

A correspondent of the Dublin Pilot asserts that "The Government has spies in every Catholic Chapel in the country. The police, it appears—the Catholic police—have been ordered to report every thing said by the priest about repeal. Several of the police have been dismissed for refusing to become spies and informers."

A Parliamentary return states that the sums paid and owing for short hand writers' reports, relative to the state trials in Ireland, amount to £3,096.

A naval station is about to be established at the Cove of Cork.

It is calculated that the O'Connell tribute this year will reach £30,000.

The Queen has been pleased to approve of Mr. Michael Kennedy as Consul at Galway, for the United States of America.

The wearing of "repeal buttons," and the use of green flags has been interdicted by the Irish police.

The meetings of the Repeal Association continue to be held, and the rent keeps up to its average. At the last meeting, an account of which we have seen, it amounted to £1,700. Though Mr. O'C. does not address these meetings by any written or printed documents, some one of the family is always ready with his father's compliments, and the latest news from the prison, where the sentenced certainly seem to be enjoying themselves very well. Mr. O'C. himself, expresses the belief that his appeal to the House of Peers will not be sustained.

CONTINENTAL.

FRANCE.—Louis Philippe is in a new difficulty with his mercurial and jealous subjects. He has caused to be brought forward a bill for the "dotation" or endowment of the younger members of the Orleans family; and the people, particularly those of the opposition, are indignant, that "the richest man in Europe" should thus play the royal pauper. It is insisted that the income of the royal family is 270 millions of francs, and it has received, during the last fourteen years, upwards of 385 millions. It is said that this movement of the King's has much injured his popularity, if, indeed, it has not endangered his dynasty.

The difficulty between France and Morocco is probably all settled before this; and in the way stated in our last advices. A French fleet, consisting of three sail of the line, a frigate, and three steamers, was off the Moorish coast, making surveys, and operating as a fleet of observation during the pendency of the negociations. This fleet, and the army on the Moroccain frontier, undoubtedly prove good advocates.

The total amount of imports into France, last year, was 1,186,000,000 francs, (about £49,416,000 sterling;) the exports 992,000,000 francs, (about £41,333,000 sterling.)

SPAIN.—The horrors of civil war are strikingly shown in the following summary of the executions in only one district of Catalonia: "Between the 1st of February and the 15th of June, the 'faction' in the Maestrazzo have sustained the following losses:—Killed on the field of battle, 54 men; shot after being made prisoners, 120 men; pardoned, for various reasons, 107. Among the prisoners shot are the chiefs El Serrador, Viscaro, Lauva and Taso; Tarshal and his lieutenant, Pilaren, Cotarro and his second, Martinez El Serano, Taranques, and Galo de Santa Oleen; and 25 generals or officers, including one colonel, one commandant, three captains, and thirteen lieutenants. Since the 29th of May, 14 spies and 19 officers, coming from France, and a certain number of *douaniers* who have joined the bands, have been shot. General Don Juan de Villalonga has, by his energetic activity, not a little contributed to this result."

The Madrid journals still abound with rumors of conspiracies, which are said to be in active preparation at Saragossa, Barcelona, and the capital. It is suspected, however, that reports are raised for political purposes to terrify the timid. It was believed that the Government had resolved to dissolve the Cortes forthwith.

GREECE.—The Russian Government has, at length, acknowledged the constitutional government in Greece. The despatch, however, to the Russian Charge d'Affaires in that country prescribes certain things which the Greeks must not do—a good deal in the style of a monarch addressing a conquered province.

The latest accounts from Athens describe Greece as on the eve of another party strife. Some rioting had taken place in the capital, and "Vive the Constitution," were vociferated under the king's windows. An affray followed, in which two persons were killed. The elections were nearly over. In Messenia, five individuals lost their lives in an electioneering broil.

It appears by a letter from Algiers that the attempt to organise a corps in Algeria mounted on camels, which was at first a failure, has at length been successful. Three hundred men, mounted in this manner, accompanied the last expedition, and manœuvred to the perfect satisfaction of the officers.

In the United Kingdom there are 355 marine steamers, amounting to 109,288 tons. In France there are only 107 steamers, with a tonnage of 10,183 tons. The British marine steam power is therefore eight times as numerous, with a tonnage eleven times greater.

Letters from Frankfort state that the senate of that city has just admitted the Grand Rabbi, Dr. Stein, to the right of a burgess. This is the first time that such a mark of distinction has been bestowed upon a Jew in Frankfort.

The King of Prussia has accorded a new grant of fifty thousand thalers, £7,500, for the completion of the cathedral of Cologne.

UNITED STATES PUBLIC SECURITIES.—The business done in England in the United States Bonds since the last previous steamer, has comprised the following, our quotations being the latest obtained:—

	Redeemable	
Alabama Sterling Fives,	1858	82 ex div
Indiana Fives,	1861-66	—
" Sterling Fives,	1861	37
Illinois Sixes,	1870	44
" Sterling Sixes,	1870	
Kentucky Sixes,	1868	93
Louisiana Fives,	1844-47-50-52	70 73
Maryland Sterling Fives,	1888	—
New York Fives,	1858-60	90½ ex div
	1855-60	
Ohio Sixes,	1856-60	—
Pennsylvania Fives,	1854	
	1856	
	1858	68
	1860	
	1862	
	1864	
United States Bank,		£1 6 0
per Debentures, April, 1841 and 1842,		60 to 65
per do. October, 1841 and 1842,		40

General News.

☞ The Providence (R. I.) Transcript says, that a number of young men, varying in age from 18 to 20, are now shipping as whalemen from that and other ports in the vicinity, supposed to have been concerned in the late outrage upon the laws in Philadelphia, and who are desirous of escaping the penalty of their crime. Such has been the rush of shipments that every ship in New Bedford, clearing within two or three weeks, has its compliment of hands already secured. The same may be said of Warren, Bristol, and Newport.

☞ Rev. Mr. Dyar, of the Episcopal Church, late of Whitehall, N. Y., was drowned at the High Bridge, near Keeseville, Aug. 1. Poles had been thrown across from the table rock to the opposite side of the chasm, near the water, over which Mr. D. attempted to walk with a young lady, she became dizzy and fell, but was seized by a man who accompanied the party, and rescued. Mr. D., in an attempt to save the lady, lost his balance, fell into the rapid current, and was immediately swept out of sight.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER DEAD.—Two sudden deaths occurred in Elizabethtown, N. J., on the evening of the 2d inst., almost simultaneously. Mrs. Jemima Chandler, an aged widow lady of some seventy years, was seized with apoplexy at the residence of her son-in-law, Mr. Samuel Whitehead, of whose family she was a member, soon after 9 o'clock, and expired almost instantly. Her daughter, Mrs. W., shocked by the spectacle, complained of a headache, and fell dead on the instant.

LOADED FIRE ARMS.—Under our local head is a case of death from careless use of fire arms. Here is another. At Newark, N. J., on Friday week, a young German presented a gun to his sister, a young lady of twenty, playfully remarking, "I'll shoot you," and pulled the trigger. The charge entered her lower jaw and went through into the left shoulder. She is shockingly wounded, but it is hoped will recover. The brother, who did not know the gun was loaded, is quite frantic.

☞ Messrs. Avery & Hartwell, of Jackson, Miss., recently set a trap for a man whom they suspected of opening a money drawer. It was a pistol charged with shot, with a string so affixed to the trigger, as to wound a man just above the knee. A lad, the brother-in-law of one of the firm, who was permitted to go any where he pleased, opened the drawer, and received eight shot in his groin and abdomen—none dangerous, unless mortification ensues.

GOOD LOOKING FOLKS.—A "good looking woman," called at a tavern in Utica, N. Y., with a "good looking child," the other day at dusk, and asked for lodgings. She was shown into a parlor, but when the landlord brought a light, he found the child only and a bundle of clothes. The woman forgot when she left to leave a card, and the child was too young to know that its mother was out. The overseers of the poor took it in charge.

☞ The latest Yankee notion, says the St. Louis Reveille, that we have heard of, is the progress through Iowa, of a chap who bores ears, and puts in little rings, of fourteen carats quality, at two bits a pair. The advertisement we met with, shows that this new Yankee speculator is named "Hiram Fife," and future commentators upon Shakspeare will, no doubt, notice him as the "ear-piercing Fife!"

A NEW APPLE.—The Malay apple (*Eugenia Ambrosia*) is now cultivated at Vicksburg, Miss. In its native clime the tree grows to a height of twenty feet; at Vicksburg it is only five feet in height. The apples are about the size of a small peach, with a similar color, fragrant smell, and have the taste of a very sweet common apple, with one seed in the centre, of the size and color of a chesnut.

MAGIC.—Through the aid of the "mesmeric" influence, says the Attica (N. Y.) Democrat, Harvey Hawkins, of Alexandria, disclosed the place where $1,000 were buried, in the woods, in the neighborhood, the which was dug up, and is now deposited in the Alexander Bank, awaiting the call of the rightful owner. That chap took unnecessary trouble in going to sleep, we suspect.

AN ANCIENT DRUMMER.—Daniel Simpson, the drummer in the band of the New England Guards, was presented with a silver camp mug at the collation at the City Hotel, Boston, on Saturday last, by Col. Sullivan, the first commander in that corps, in 1812. Simpson has been drummer to the corps since its formation, and has missed but one parade in thirty-two years.

MELANCHOLY DISASTER.—The schr. Rover, Hinds, master, sailed from Toronto on Wednesday week with a cargo of salt, for Port de Louisa, on the Lake, and having on board besides the master, his wife and child, a man and a boy. By some accident the schooner went down, and we regret to learn that all but the master met a watery grave.

EXECUTION.—Four of the pirates of the Saladin were hung at Halifax, on Tuesday week. Three of them made confessions, and all of them attributed the crime to the passenger Fielding. Two others named Carr and Galloway, acquitted on two indictments, are to be tried on a third. These six men were all who landed from the vessel.

SHOCKING.—One night last week, about 12 o'clock, an Irish woman, a deck passenger on board the steamer Massachusetts, going from New York to Boston, threw her child overboard from the deck of the boat. The child was three or four weeks old, and, as the mother says, subject to fits. She appeared to be partially insane.

JUST SAVED IT.—Officer Stephens, of the New York police on Saturday night arrested two men who, it is alleged, had stolen $300 worth of silver plate from the packet ship Utica. He caught them just as they had disposed of it to a man named Cohen, who had his crucible on the fire all ready to melt it down. Cohen should be arrested too.

WHEAT TO CANADA.—It is stated that nearly two-thirds of the surplus wheat of Ohio, Michigan, and other tracts bordering on the lakes, finds its way to Canada. There it is ground, and, as Canadian flour goes thence, in part at least, to England, and is received on better terms than if entered as the exports of the United States.

☞ The extensive bagging factory of Messrs. A. Harper & Co., at St. Louis, was destroyed by an incendiary fire, last month. Loss, $6,000, of which $5,000 was covered by insurance in this city.

☞ A fish has been caught at Davenport, Iowa, of remarkable shape, it being mostly head, and a novel nose of great width; its mouth opens wide enough to take in a man's head with ease, and the body quite small. The like was never seen before. It would require the fish's capacity to swallow that story.

☞ The workmen commenced to stake out the route for a railroad from Boston to Plymouth, on Monday week. The old Bay State is becoming like a cobweb in appearance, with Boston for the big spider from which these roads spin out.

☞ An extra from the Charlotte, N. C. Jeffersonian informs us that the Branch Mint, at that place, was destroyed by fire on Saturday the 27th, at 8 o'clock in the morning. The books, furniture, coin, and bullion, were saved.

☞ On Peak's Island, near Portland harbor, there is an apple tree which has borne good fruit annually for a century or more. If the fruit is good, this is a good tree. If not, it might as well have stopped ninety-nine years ago.

☞ The Potato Crop in Maine, it is said, will be very abundant this year. So far, so good, but how about the quality? If we are to have such watery things as those of last year, then "praties isn't praties."

☞ The skin of a hippopotamus—the first ever received in the United States, has arrived at Beverly, Mass. The creature was killed on a whaling voyage; weight 4,000 pounds; the skin weighs 1,500 pounds.

☞ There have been built at Cincinnati, since the 1st of January last, seventeen steamboats, at a total cost of $236,500. The average cost per ton is stated at $63 20 cents.

Notes of Storms.

TREMENDOUS STORM.—A tremendous thunder gust, accompanied with torrents of rain, visited Baltimore on Wednesday of last week. Buildings were shattered, and two or three vessels at the wharves lost masts, but no lives. The house of Mr. Gittings, on the Bel Air road was struck, and he and a little son badly injured, while his wife had an infant child knocked out of her arms by the shock. Neither she nor the child were hurt. Three houses which stood together in Caroline Alley were struck, and in one a colored woman named Julia Ann Myers was killed. The inmates of the other houses were also much hurt. Altogether it was one of the most terrible gusts which has visited the city for years.

☞ The Richmond (Ind.) Palladium, says the Whitewater Valley was visited, on the night of the 25th ult., by a perfect deluge of rain. The East Fork, at that place, rose in the course of the night, to a height beyond what it has been for many years. A great destruction of property is the consequence. Several houses in the bottom lands were surrounded and the inmates compelled to move out. One man was compelled to carry his wife from his house, through water nearly waist deep. Several mill-dams are washed away, and mill property much injured.

☞ On Friday, July 26th, Mr. Henry Fuller, and a boy named Hughton, took shelter under an isolated oak, during a thunder shower. Not liking the place the man started to leave it, and had hardly got thirty feet from the tree, when it was shattered by lightning. The boy was struck to the earth, insensible, but being carried to the house, face upward, the falling rain *restored animation.* This is an important fact, and should be borne in mind. The copious use of water upon persons apparently dead by lightning frequently restores them.

☞ There was at New Orleans, on the 28th ult., a violent rain and thunder storm, which lasted several hours. The wind blew almost a hurricane for a few minutes, and this was followed by heavy showers, and at intervals by severe claps of thunder. The Bee says:—One explosion, in particular, was the loudest, and most stunning ever we remember to have heard, and we fear, it has effected serious damage somewhere.

☞ Several thunder squalls visited the vicinity of New York city on Sunday last. A house was struck in Brooklyn, the windows shattered, and chimney thrown down, a portion of the fluid following the water conductor, and splitting the pump. Another house in New York was struck, the fluid also following the conductor to the cistern. No lives were lost.

☞ A storm near Lyons, on the night of the 24th of June, produced one most singular result. Beside the destruction of windows, buildings, trees, &c., by the wind, rain and hail, three hundred birds were picked up in the park of the palace Louis, which had been killed by the storm.

☞ On Friday, August 2d, a sloop belonging to Troy, was struck by lightning on the Hudson, near Cattskill. The sloop was bound up the river; she had her masts shivered, a splinter from which struck one of the hands, who is not expected to survive.

☞ On Sunday, the 14th of July, Montreal was visited with a severe storm of wind and rain, accompanied with thunder and lightning. Several steeples were blown down, and one or two houses demolished. Two children were killed by a falling house.

☞ A very heavy storm of rain passed over Louisville, Ky., on the 27th ult. The water fell in torrents for a time, but fortunately no damage was done.

Notices of the Dead.

DEATH OF A CONSUL.—Our late foreign intelligence conveys information of the death of John Gliddon, Esq., U. S. Consul for Alexandria, Egypt, who died at Malta on the 3d ult. Every remedial agent that could be resorted to by the family of the deceased, was embraced in aid of the suffering invalid; the baths of Lucca, in Italy, were visited, but with no effect, and after a painful illness he breathed his last at the residence of William Eynaud, Esq., in Malta. "Mr. Gliddon," says the Boston Transcript, "wherever known, and as the American Consul for Alexandria, uniformly represented the United States to her honor and benefit. We learn that a large procession, headed by W. W. Andrews, United States Consul at Malta, followed his remains to the burying ground at Florin, and thus paid a voluntary tribute of respect to his memory."

☞ Joel Holleman, Esq., formerly a representative in Congress from Virginia, and who was the member elect from the county of Isle of Wight to the next House of Delegates of that State, died on Thursday morning week, at the age of 37, of a chronic affection of the liver.

☞ The St. Louis papers announce the death of Daniel Dunkin, formerly Governor of Missouri, aged fifty-four years. He had been sick but a short time, and died at his residence in Jefferson county, of inflammation of the stomach.

☞ Died, at his residence, in Franklin county, Geo., on the 1st of July, 1844, Wm. Spears, aged 104 years. A large concourse of his friends attended his burial. He was interred with the honors of war.

SUMMER WEATHER.—It should be remembered that, during the intense heat of the summer, the process of digestion is performed with such extreme languor, that our food, instead of being speedily dissolved and converted into nutriment for the body, often becomes actually spoiled or putrified in the stomach. Hence bad breath, disagreeable taste in the mouth, colic pains, dysentery, cholera morbus, and other disorders of the intestines.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills [Indian Purgative] are always certain to remove the above dangerous symptoms, and will, in all cases, if persevered with, make a perfect cure; because they carry off by the stomach and bowels the superabundance of bile, which, when interrupted in its downward passage, and taken into the circulation, is diffused through the whole system, giving a deep yellow color to the skin and eyes, and deranging all the functions of the body.

Beware of Counterfeits.—The public are respectfully informed that all *Travelling Agents* who sell genuine, are provided with a certificate of agency, signed by William Wright, Vice Pres. of N. A. Coll. of Health.

Offices devoted exclusively to the sale of the medicine, wholesale and retail, No. 169 RACE STREET, PHILADA., No. 288 Greenwich Street, New York, and No. 198 Tremont Street, Boston. Also, for sale by Mr. John Thompson, No. 153 Liberty St., Pittsburg.

☞ *Remember, none are genuine except Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills, and beware of travelling impostors.*

The Markets.

SALES OF STOCKS.

1850 shares	Wilmington R. R.	22½a23
810 do.	Girard Bank,	12½a12⅝
345 do.	United States Bank,	8¼a8⅜
152 do.	New Orleans Gas Bank,	32½
116 do.	Planters Bank, Tenn.	68
47 do.	Norristown Railroad,	6
35 do.	Com. & R. R. Bank, Vicksburg,	8
35 do.	Commercial Bank, Natchez,	20½
20 do.	Girard Trust Co.	22½
19 do.	Union Bank, Tenn.	12
18 do.	Western Bank	48½
10 do.	Commercial Bank,	53
9 do.	Mechanics Bank,	27½
3 do.	Chesapeake & Del. Canal Co.	25
2 do.	Kentucky Bank,	74½
2 do.	Philadelphia Bank,	108
$13,000	Reading R. R. Bonds,	68
$3000	Reading R. R. Bonds,	68½
$1200	Lehigh 6's, 1846,	41
$5000	Penna. 5's,	74½
$2000	County 5s, 1880,	93
$500	Lehigh 6's, 1845,	40½
$1000	Wilmington R. R. 6's, 1856,	84½
$1800	City 5's, 1848,	108
$400	Harrisburg R. R. Bonds,	65
$300	County 5's, 1860, old,	97
$300	Camden & Amboy R. R. 6's, 1867,	100
$5000	St. Louis 6's, 5 d 8,	86
$5000	Cincinnati 5's,	83
$1250	State 5's,	74½
$8000	United States 5's, 1853,	103½

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

The markets the past week have evinced the usual inactivity of the warm season, and prices in the main have remained much as we last week quoted them. There are not wanting, however, indications that the fall business will open early and with much activity.

Ashes—Small sales pots at $4. *Bark*—Prices steady, sales of quercitron at $23,50 for first No. 1. A cargo of Spanish oak sold at $10,50, chesnut oak $7,50 per cord. *Beeswax*—Good yellow 29a30 cts per lb. *Coal*—Huntington county bituminous coal 16 cts per bushel, Lehigh lump $3,62½ per ton, Schuylkill white ash $3,31½a3,37½, and red ash $3,75. *Candles*—New Bedford sperm has declined to 28a30 cts per lb, dipped tallow 8½a9c, mould do. 9½a10 cts as in size. *Coffee* is very quiet, and beyond the sales of 2a300 bags Laguayra at 7½c 4 mos—we hear of nothing that requires especial notice. *Cotton*—The late news from Liverpool has depressed the market, and buyers will not take hold at present rates to any extent—sales have therefore been limited to a few lots Mobile at 7a8½c, and uplands at 8¼c on the usual terms. *Domestic Spirits*—Whiskey is in demand at 21½a22½ cts per gallon in hhds and bbls. Apple whiskey 30a33 cts, Monongahela 45a55 cts, New England rum 31a32 cents, New Orleans 65a70 cts. *Flax*—Domestic 7a8 cts per lb. Russia 9½a13 cts. *Feathers*—Western is held at 29a31 cts per lb. *Fish*—New mackerel are scarce and in demand at $10,50, 8,50 and 6 for 1's, 2's and 3's. *Flour and Meal*—We notice no particular change since the close of the week, fresh ground is rather scarce, and the demand moderate—sales for export have been made at $4,25—sales of old stock are chiefly for city use at $4, 4,25 for good and extra brands. Rye flour we quote at $2,75. Corn Meal—Sales of Pa at $2,18½, and some at $2,25, Brandywine $2,44. Grain—There continues to be a fair demand for wheat, and several cargoes of new southern have sold at 88a90c—about 2000 bushels old Pa. at 88a90c. Rye—A cargo of prime new southern sold at 52 cts. Corn—In the absence of eastern demand, has slightly declined, and good southern yellow sold at 47c, Pa. flat, rather inferior, 46c, a lot at 46½c, and some at 47c—we quote white 43a44c. Oats—Sales of new southern at 33c. *Hay and Straw*—Timothy is in demand at 85a95 cents, rye straw $4,50a5 per 100 bundles, wheat do. $4a4,50. *Iron*—Am. pig No. 1 $28a32 per ton, do. common $24a26, Am. bar, refined, $80a85, Am. sheet $1,30a1,35, hoop $5a6 per cwt, boiler flue 4½a5 cents per lb. *Lumber*—Further sales of Carolina flooring at $16a17 per M. feet in the rough, Jersey and Indian River yellow pine $10a12 per M. feet, large size cedar shingles $16 per M. Other qualities of lumber are dull, and but few sales are making. White cedar posts $22a25 per 100, red cedar do. $50a75 per 100, cedar rails $7a8, hoop poles, 12 feet, $16a18 per M., do. 10 feet $22a25, red oak hhd staves $16a17 per M. *Lead*—We note a sale of 2000 pigs Illinois lead at $3,58 per 100 lbs. *Molasses*—Prices have an upward tendency, a lot of Cienfuegos received coastwise is held at 31c. Trinidad is held at 30 cts per gallon. Sales of St. Croix at 32 cts, 80 hhds Porto Rico at 30 cts. *Nails*—Cut nails, assorted, 3½a4½c per lb. No sales of moment reported. *Oils*—Holders of sperm have advanced their rates 5a10 cents. *Plaster*—No arrivals, we quote $4,37½. *Provisions*—No alteration in pork, sales in small lots at $9,75a10, and 8 for mess and prime. Bacon sells in lots at 4½a5½c for hams, 3½a3½c for shoulders, and 4½c for sides. About 1000 kegs lard sold at $6,25a6,31. Butter scarce and in demand at 8c. *Sugar*—Holders are firm, but no sales of moment have transpired, except 50 hhds St. Croix at 7½a8c on time. *Tallow*—Domestic 6½a7c per lb. *Tobacco*—No sales of importance to note. *Teas*—The stock of green teas is light, and prices have an upward tendency. We quote the following rates with light sales, viz: country packed gunpowder and imperial 58 cts a$1,25 per lb, do. Canton packed 35a40 cts scarce, country packed 18a23 cts, country do. gunpowder and imperial in boxes 58a62 cts, Pouchong 25a50 cts, Souchong 25a50 cts. *Whiskey*—Sales of hhds at 22a22½c, and about 300 bbls at the latter price.

CATTLE MARKETS.

Philadelphia.—The offering comprised 980 head beef cattle, 360 cows and calves, 1180 sheep, and 430 swine. Prices—Of the beef cattle 110 head were from Ohio, 170 from Virginia, and the balance from Pa. The market was dull. Sales of 900 head at $4,50 to 5,50, as in quality. 350 head were driven to New York. Cows—Sales dull at $15 to 25 for milch cows, $12 to 18 for springers, and $8 to 12 for dry cows. Swine—Sales at $4 to 4,50 per 100 lbs as in quality—70 head unsold. Sheep—Sales of ordinary and fair at $1,25 to 2,50, and prime at $3 to 3,50. Sales of lambs at $1,25 to 2,50, as in quality.

New York.—At market, 1000 beef cattle, 350 from the south, 80 cows and calves, and 2580 sheep and lambs. Prices—Beef cattle, the market very heavy, with a slight decline. We quote beef cattle $4,50a5,50. Left over 300. Cows and Calves—The market cleared at $13a26. Sheep and Lambs—We quote sheep at $1,25a4, and lambs at $1,25a2,50—left over 250. Hay—A good supply of new and old, the latter sells at 62½a75 cents per cwt, and the former at 50a59 for cash.

Brighton, near Boston, July 29.—At market 340 beef cattle, 2500 sheep, and 500 swine. Prices—Beef Cattle—Prices advanced a trifle. Extra at $5—first quality at $4,75, second quality $4,50, third quality $3,50a4,50. Sheep and Lambs—Lambs from $1,25 to 2—old sheep from $1,75 to 2,50. Swine—At retail from 4½ to 5.

Baltimore, August 2.—There were 719 head offered during the week, most of which were sold to city butchers at $1,50 to 2,25 per 100 lbs on the hoof, which is equal to $3a4,50 nett. A portion of those unsold were driven north, and the balance left on hand. Hogs—We quote at $4,87½ to 4 per 100 lbs.

Brighton, (Cincinnati,) July 30.—131 head beef cattle, $1,25a3 per cwt—96 head fat hogs $2,37a2,50 per cwt—200 head stock hogs $1,75 per gross—160 head fat sheep 87a$1,12 per head—18 milch cows and calves $8,50a15 per head.

Richmond, Aug. 1.—For cattle from the scales, gross weight, $2,12½ to 2,37½, nett $4,50 to 5. Mutton—$1 to 3, according to quality. Veals sell from $2 to 7, according to quality. Lambs from $1 to 2.

Read the following from the Philada. Public Ledger.

HAVE YOU EVER TRIED IT?—If not, do not delay another day, but send immediately; if you have been one of the wise and prudent, and already bought a bottle, the question is settled; you have recovered your hearing. SCARPA'S OIL FOR DEAFNESS never fails. It is the only medicine that will cure. Thousands of deaf persons will give their testimony in its favor. The beauty of the thing is, that it cures you without producing any pain.

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Just received a supply of this celebrated Ink, and having tested it thoroughly, I am prepared to warrant it equal, if not *superior to any made in the United States, or of the imported.* ALEXANDER HARPER,

1212 Wholesale Druggist, No. 45 Market street.

OUR MAIL RECEIPTS.

Subscribers will find all remittances credited below. Those living in the vicinity of a Post Master can call upon him and have their letters containing money *franked*, if the letter contains nothing but what relates to the business of the office. Many hundred dollars might be saved us if attention was generally paid to this matter. It would be as well in as many cases as possible for the subscriber to write his own letter, and subject it to the inspection of the Post Master before sealing, as a mere line approving of the letter, and a frank on the outside will be all that the law requires, and will relieve him from much trouble.

Receipts for the United States Saturday Post from the 31st July to the 6th August.

July 31, received from			
W. W. Bullock	$1 00	J. D. Grant	2 00
J. H. Kluge	2 00	J. Key	2 00
B. Seldomridge	2 00	Mrs. J. Watts	2 00
L. C. Cook	5 00	V. G. Walter	20 00
L. Marcy	2 00	G. J. Brown	12 00
W. F. Atkins	1 00	J. R. Ison	4 00
L. D. Eastman	5 00		
August 1.			
M. Avis	2 00	J. Wolf	5 00
J. Kelton, Jr.	2 00	J. S. Keever	20 00
J. Jacquett	2 00	C. S. Minot	10 00
J. A. Webb	2 00	J. T. Grover	6 00
T. E. Steele	5 00	R. S. Smoyer	3 00
H. A. Marshall	2 00	T. P. Tarver	4 00
B. Markall	5 00	J. Barte	2 00
O. Gorman	2 00		
August 2.			
W. Jones	2 00	P. L. Snyder	2 00
D. B. Jenks	2 00	J. Brock	2 00
Miss M. Coleman	2 00	W. Fox	2 00
J. Kimball	2 00	W. W. Overman	2 00
J. Rea, Esq.	2 00	H. J. Hartwell	2 00
A. Bartholomew	1 50	E. Kimber	4 00
J. D. Young	2 00	W. P. Strickland	5 00
B. Boone	2 00	G. T. Vaile	16 00
Dr. J. G. Thomas	2 00	S. B. Camp	3 00
F. A. Miller	2 00	W. R. Annan	12 00
F. G. Smith	2 00	G. Horton	2 00
August 3.			
J. G. Conyell	75	Dr. F. J. D'Avignon	2 00
J. Bean, Jr.	2 00	D. F. Cooke	3 00
J. Draper	2 00	C. H. Connelly	2 00
H. Schweitzer	2 00	S. Tyler	6 00
G. E. Torbert & Co.	12 00	D. P. Auston	2 00
G. Ray	1 00	J. Davis	2 00
S. H. Binford	3 00	P. Downer	1 00
L. Lucas	2 00	V. N. Palen	15 00
A. H. Tucker	2 00	M. O. Smick	4 00
M. Soule	2 00	R. T. Harper	6 00
S. T. Jackson	2 00		
August 5.			
A. W. Sartzer	2 00	P. McCauley	2 00
R. S. Allen	2 00	R. B. Wallace	2 00
J. Ames	1 00	P. T. Brown	15 00
E. Rogers	2 00	R. N. Tisdell	6 00
L. Wilcox	2 00	B. N. Baker	5 00
J. Marcy	2 00	R. C. Hope	2 00
J. Hamilton	4 00	P. & R. Lines	10 00
J. E. Lyle	2 00		
August 6.			
G. Hulme, Sr.	2 00	L. E. Lister	1 00
Dr. G. Mendenhall	8 00	B. A. Thomas	5 00
R. Morledge	2 00	Dr. S. G. Phillips	4 00
J. Noble	2 00	J. G. Taylor	2 00
D. Johnson	9 00	C. V. Campbell	2 00
B. R. Thompson	15 00	S. O. R. Swayne	2 00
T. K. Bowen	6 00	P. S. Chandler	10 00

ALMANAC.

August, 1844.	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES.
10 SATURDAY,	5 7	6 51	11 18	D. H. M.
11 SUNDAY,	5 8	6 52	12 8	
12 MONDAY,	5 9	6 51	12 50	
13 TUESDAY,	5 10	6 50	1 31	
14 WEDNESDAY,	5 11	6 49	2 11	Last 5 10 31
15 THURSDAY,	5 12	6 48	2 58	New 13 9 35
16 FRIDAY,	5 14	6 46	3 36	First 20 9 17
17 SATURDAY,	5 15	6 45	4 36	Full 27 7 34

Married,

On the 6th inst. by the Rev. Chas. T. Ford, the Rev. SOCRATES TOWNSEND, of the New Jersey Conference, of the M. E. Church, to Miss SARAH, eldest daughter of Aaron Garretson, of Southwark.

On the 3d inst. by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, WM. H. WYCKOFF, Esq., editor of the Baptist Advocate, N. Y., to Miss MARGARET STEWARD, daughter of the late Jos. Compton, Esq., of this city.

In Washington city, on the 1st inst. Capt. JAMES EDWLIN, U. S. Marine Corps, to Miss NANCY CARR, daughter of the late Overton Carr, Esq.

In Mackinaw, Michigan, on the 10th ult. Capt. LOUIS JAMISON, U. S. A. to CLARA MATILDA, youngest daughter of Thomas Lea, Esq. late of London, England.

On the 3d inst. by the Rev. Charles Brown, Mr. CHAS. BROWN, to Miss MARGARET ALEXANDER, of Spring Garden.

On the 4th inst. by the Rev. James Flannery, Mr. JOHN MCKINNEY, Jr. to Miss ELIZABETH MYERS, both of the Northern Liberties.

On the 29th May, by the Rev. A. D. Gillette, SAMUEL H. YOUNG, of Roxborough, to MARY ELIZABETH, daughter of Lewis W. Eaby, Esq. of this city.

On the 3d inst. by the Rev. Thos. H. Quinan, JOSEPH STEWART, to SARAH CLARK.

On the 3d inst. at St. Stephen's Church, by the Rev. Dr. Ducachet, Mr. EDWARD T. ASH, of Germantown, Pa. to MARIA C. WILLIG, daughter of George Willig, Jr. Esq. of Baltimore.

On the 4th ult. in Marcus Hook, Delaware county, Pa. by the Rev. J. B. Ayres, Mr. E. K. CRAWFORD, to Miss MAHALA H. HOOK, both of Wilmington, Del.

On the 1st inst. by the Rev. R. R. Loxley, Mr. ENOS WALLEN, to Miss SARAH ANN RUTHERFORD, all of Philadelphia.

On the 1st inst. by the Rev. J. C. Clay, Mr. SAMUEL W. MIDDLETON, to Miss EMMA MYERS, all of Southwark.

On the 1st inst. by the Rev. John L. Grant, JOACHIM LANGE, to PHEBE R. HOWE, both of this city.

On the 28th ult. at St. Peter's Church, Spotswood, by the Rev. Isaac Smith, JOHN D. PRINCE, of England, to MARY, daughter of John Travers, of Middlesex county, N. J.

By Alderman C. Brazer, on the 2d inst. Mr. HIRAM H. GROM, to Miss CATHARINE MUCHARD, both of Philadelphia county.

On the 20th ult. by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. OLIVER CRUMWELL, to Miss ANN M. WISE, both of the N. Liberties.

On the 2d instant, by the same, Mr. JOHN KROUSE, to Miss LAVINIA JONES, both of the N. Liberties.

On the 3d inst. by the Rev. Thos. Christopher, HARON J. FRAMBUS, Esq. of Absecom, to Miss AMY J. daughter of Joseph and Hester Talcock, of Catawiss, Atlantic county, N. J.

On the 30th ult. by the Rev. Enos R. Williams, near Dover, HEINRICH WEINER, of Philadelphia, to Miss ELIZA ANDERSON, of Delaware.

In Bridgeton, N. J. on the 29th ult. by the Rev. Chas. E. Wilson, Mr. DANL. LODER, to Miss ALMEDIA AYARS, both of Mellvile.

On the 29th ultimo, by the same, ANDREW SPARKS, of Salem county, to SARAH J. BUCK, of Roadstown.

Died,

On the 6th instant, DOROTHEA OGDEN, relict of Hugh Ogden, in the 81st year of her age.

At Amesbury, N. H., Mr. MATHIAS MERRILL. His death was caused by cutting his finger while taking off the hide of a cow which had been poisoned.

On the 3d inst. SAMUEL L. FORMAN, in the 39th year of his age.

On the 5th inst. Mrs. SUSANNAH POLLOCK, in the 21st year of her age.

On the 3d ult. ELIZA, wife of Mathew Scanlan, aged 45 years.

On the 4th inst. JOSEPH MITCHELL, aged 68 years.

On the 4th inst. MARTHA WASHINGTON, wife of Alfred Lansing, aged 18 years.

At Springfield, Mass. on the 1st inst. Mrs. SARAH H. ASTLEY, widow of the late Thos. Astley, of this city.

At Columbus, Ohio, on the 28th ult. of cholera morbus, WM. MIDDLETON, in the 40th year of his age. The deceased was a native of Philadelphia, but a resident of Columbus for the last ten years.

On the 5th inst. AMANDA, daughter of Mathias and Rachael Morton, aged 11 months.

On the 2d inst. MARGARET EWING, in the 30th year of her age.

Suddenly, on the 1st inst. Mr. HUGH MOONEY, in the 24th year of his age.

On the 2d inst. ANN, wife of Henry L. Hornberger, in the 26th year of her age.

On the 2d instant, Mrs. MARY ANN, wife of Henry W. Gillingham, in the 29th year of her age.

On the 1st inst. after a short and painful illness, Mr. WM. ABEL, of Passyunk Township, in the 60th year of his age.

On the 2d inst. Mrs. ELIZABETH WILLY, in the 84th year of her age.

On the 3d inst. of consumption, Mr. LEWIS T. HALL, in the 28th year of his age.

On the 31st ult. ZACHARIAH POULSON, in the 83d year of his age.

On the 31st ult. Mr. NOAH OVERHALTZER, in the 32d year of his age.

On the 1st inst. MERIBA, aged 19 years, daughter of Edwin and Elizabeth Winchell.

On the 1st inst. MARY ANNE, daughter of Josiah C. and Elizabeth Musick, aged 23 months.

On the 3d inst. Mr. THOMAS VOIGHT, in the 56th year of his age.

On the 4th inst. ELIZABETH L. M'CALL, daughter of the late Archibald M'Call.

On the 2d inst. EVELINA, daughter of Stephen D. and Evelina Thatcher, aged 2 years and 5 months.

On the 1st inst. aged 9 years, JOHN, youngest son of John and Mary S. Neagle.

On the 1st inst. HANNAH ROBINSON, late of N. Y.

On the 4th inst. in his 28th year, CHAS. P. RAYBUN, a member of the National Greys.

On the 31st ult. CHRISTIANA BRODIE, in the 80th year of her age.

On the 1st inst. MARTHA JANE, daughter of John and Mary Kay, aged 5 years, lacking 5 days.

At his residence, in Bristol, Bucks county, on the 31st ult. Mr. JOHN MYERS, formerly of this city, merchant.

HEALTH OFFICE, AUGUST 3, 1844.

INTERMENTS

In the city of Philadelphia, Southwark, Northern Liberties, Moyamensing, Penn Township and Kensington. From the 27th of July to the 3d of August.

DISEASES.	Adults.	Children.	DISEASES.	Adults.	Children.
Asthma,	1	0	Brought over,	32	73
Asphyxia,	0	1	——Remittent,	1	2
Casualties,	1	0	——Scarlet,	0	3
Congestion of the Brain,	0	1	——Typhus,	1	0
Cholera,	2	0	——Typhoid,	1	0
Cholera Infantum,	0	27	Gout,	1	0
Colic,	1	0	Hysteria, Strangulated,	1	0
Consumption of the Lungs,	13	5	Hemorrhage from Bowels,	1	0
Convulsions,	0	15	Inflammation of the Brain,	0	1
Diarrhœa,	2	2	——Bronchi,	0	1
Dropsy,	1	1	——Lungs,	1	3
——Head,	0	6	——Stomach and Bowels,	1	3
——Breast,	3	0	Inanition,	0	1
Disease of Brain,	0	3	Marasmus,	1	5
——Spine,	1	0	Pleurisy,	0	1
Drowned,	1	0	Scrofula,	0	1
Dysentery,	5	1	Softening of Liver,	0	1
Debility,	1	2	Still Born,	0	7
Epilepsy,	1	0	Teething,	0	5
Erysipelas,	1	0	Tumor, Abdominal,	1	0
Effusion on Brain,	0	2	Unknown,	2	1
——Lungs,	0	1	Whooping Cough,	1	12
Fracture of Leg,	1	0			
Fever,	0	2	Total,	160—43	117
Carried over,	32	73			

Of the above there were 17 from the almshouse, 4 from the country, and 13 people of color, which are included in the total amount.

By order of the Board of Health,
SAMUEL P. MARKS, Clerk.

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

		9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
July	28,	68	78	80
	29,	68	75	80
	30,	72	76	80
	31,	71	77	80
Aug.	1,	76	79	83
	2,	77	82	80
	3,	74	81	85

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jan 6-1y* THOMAS L. EVANS.

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Also, RED and OAK TAN SOLE LEATHER and FRENCH CALF SKINS.

feb 10-1y* ANDREW R. CHAMBERS.

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE U. STATES SATURDAY POST
BY E. W. CLARK & CO., BROKERS,
No. 25 South Third Street.
Philadelphia, August 10th, 1844.

PENNSYLVANIA.	
Philadelphia banks,	par
Man. and Mec. bank,	par
Moyamensing bank,	par
Penn Township bank,	par
U. S. Bank notes,	23 dis
Girard do.	1 dis
Pennsyl'a do.	par
Germantown,	par
Del. Co. at Chester,	par
Chester Co., W. Chester,	par
Montgomery county,	par
Farmers' bk, Bucks co.	par
Farmers' bk, Reading,	½ dis
Easton,	par
Northampton,	no sale
Lancaster Co. bk	par
Lancaster bank,	par
Far. bk, Lancaster,	par
Lebanon,	½ dis
Harrisburg,	1 dis
Middleton,	1½ dis
Carlisle,	1½ dis
Columbia Bridge,	par
Northumberland,	par
Miners' bk, Potts.	1½ dis
Wy'g bk, Wilkesb'e,	1½ dis
Pitts. demand notes,	½ dis
" Certificates,	½ dis
" Post notes,	½ dis
Towanda,	90 dis
York,	1½ dis
Gettysburg,	1½ dis
Chambersburg,	1½ dis
Waynesb'g p. notes,	2 dis
" Demand notes,	2 dis
Brownsville p. notes,	1½ dis
" Demand notes,	2 dis
Erie,	2 dis
Berks county bank,	80 dis
Honesdale,	1½ dis
Bk. Susquehanna co.	35 dis
Lewistown,	1½ dis
Lum. bk, Warren,	no sale
West Branch bank,	1½ dis
Dom. Cred. Script,	7 dis
Lehigh Nav. Script,	30
NEW YORK.	
New York City,	½ dis
Tenth Ward bank,	—
Globe bank,	fraud
North River Bank'g Co.	—
City Trust & Bank'g Co.	—
Wool Growers' bank,	25 dis
Millers' bk of Clyde,	15 do
Far. bk, Seneca co.	50 do
Com. bk, New York,	2 do
Lafayette bank,	3 do
N. Y. Bkg. Co.	60 do
Dry Dock bank,	1 do
N. Am. Trust Co.	1 do
Bank Buffalo,	— do
Lewis Co.	1 do
Com. bk, Buffalo,	35 do
All solvent banks,	½ a ¾
Country banks,	½ dis
Except bk of Columbia, Green Co. Hudson, Middleton Districts, Plattsburg, Niagara, Wash. and Warren, Wash. Man. Co.	Broken.
Wayne county bank,	
Mer. and Planters',	
Del. county bank,	fraud
Ex. bk. Po'keepsie,	do
Portsdam Man. Co.	do
Red Backs,	½ dis
Post Notes on the various N. York banks no value.	
NEW JERSEY.	
Mechanics' and Manufacturers' bk, Trenton,	par
Princeton bank,	par
State bk at Camden,	par
Cumberland bank,	par
Mount Holly,	par
Salem Banking Co.	par
Monmouth bank,	no sale
N. Hope Del. Bridge,	½ dis
Tren. Banking Co. old,	par
All other banks,	par
Far. and Mec. bank of N. Brunswick,	no sale
Hob. Bkg. & G. Co.	broke
Washington Bkg. Co.	do
Franklin bank,	do
Jersey City bank,	do
Monmouth,	do
N. J. Manufac. Co.	do
Protec. and Lobard,	do
State bank at Trenton	do
Bank of N. Brunswick	do
Mec. bk. Paterson,	do
Under $5s,	½ dis
Exchange on New York,	
" Boston,	
" Baltimore,	
Specie,	
Country Relief Notes.	

MAINE.	
Calais bank,	10 a —
Agricultural bank,	do
City bk, Portland,	do
Damariscotta,	do
Mercantile bank,	do
Stillwater Canal bk,	do
Bangor Com. bank,	do
Westbrook bank,	do
Citizens' bank,	do
Globe bank,	do
Washington co.	do
Frankford bank,	do
All solvent banks,	½
VERMONT.	
Bank of St. Albans,	1½
Bk of Bennington,	90 dis
All solvent banks,	½
MASSACHUSETTS.	
All solvent banks,	½
RHODE ISLAND.	
All solvent banks,	½
MARYLAND.	
Baltimore banks,	par
Patapsco bank,	par
Mineral bank,	1 dis
Frederickton,	½ dis
Hagerstown,	½ dis
Farmers' and Millers', Hagerstown,	no sale
Westminster,	½ dis
Williamsport,	½ dis
Cumberland,	1½ dis
Salisbury,	2 dis
Franklin bank,	5 dis
Susquehanna,	broke
Millington,	broke
Fred. County, bank,	½ dis
Broken bks, various	prices
Baltimore and Ohio R. R. notes,	par
DELAWARE.	
Bank of Delaware,	par
Wilmington and Bran.	par
Farmers' bk, Del.	par
Union bank,	par
Bank of Smyrna,	par
Under $5s,	½
DIS. OF COLUMBIA.	
Washington City,	½ dis
Georgetown,	½ dis
Far. and Mechanics'	½ dis
Alexandria,	½ dis
Bank of Alexandria,	broke
Mechanics' bank,	broke
Franklin bank,	no sale
Mechanics' bank,	do
VIRGINIA.	
Bk of Va. & branches,	1 dis
Farmers' bk & brah's,	1 dis
Valley bk and branch,	1 dis
Ex. bk, and branches,	1 dis
Wheeling,	1½ do
Wheeling post notes,	1½ dis
NORTH CAROLINA.	
All solvent banks,	1½
Small notes,	2
SOUTH CAROLINA.	
All solvent banks,	1½
Small notes,	2
GEORGIA.	
Bank of St. Mary's,	3
Ocmulgee,	-
Monroe R. R.	-
Columbus,	-
Phœnix bank,	failed
Exchange bank,	-
Chat. R. R. bank,	-
Central bk of Mill.	-
Georgia R. R. Co.	-
Rocker Bkg. Co.	
All solvent banks,	2a3
ALABAMA.	
All solvent banks,	11 dis
Small notes,	15 dis
OHIO.	
Cincinnati,	2 dis
Solvent bank notes,	3 dis
ILLINOIS.	
Bank of Illinois,	40 dis
State bank,	35 dis
KENTUCKY.	
Notes,	1½ dis
Small notes,	2½ dis
LOUISIANA.	
All solvent banks,	1½ dis
MISSOURI.	
All solvent banks,	1½ dis
INDIANA.	
All solvent banks,	2 dis
FLORIDA.	
Southern Life and Transportation Co.	—
CANADA.	
Montreal,	½ dis a ½ prm
	½ dis
	par
	(a1½) dis

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The Principal of this school will be pleased to refer persons, desirous of placing boys under his care, not only to distinguished gentlemen who have known him for many years as an instructor of youth, but to the parents who have had, and to those who now have boys at his school, and also to many of his old scholars, who being now grown up men, are filling high offices in different parts of the Union. He will also refer those who wish to give a classical education to their sons, to the Faculties of several colleges, into which many of his pupils have been admitted, (several in advanced classes) in which they distinguished themselves, thereby proving his school to be one at which boys can receive an English and a Classical education, and AT THE SAME TIME acquire such a knowledge of the French and the Spanish as will be of infinite value to them in whatever profession or business they may afterwards devote themselves to.

N. B.—There being in West Chester churches of nearly every denomination of christians, the pupils on Sundays are taken by the Principal and the Teachers to whichever of them parents may have directed, there to attend service and to receive such instruction as is peculiar to the sect to which each pupil may belong. Besides that, religious instruction is given at the school, but without any allusion whatever to the peculiarities of any one sect. The morals and good manners of the pupils are also scrupulously attended to at all times.

The Summer Session will begin on the first of May.

For Terms and any information respecting the School, Letters, post paid, must be directed to the Principal, as above. nov 4-eow1y

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Sacred Poetry.

THE KINGDOM OF CHRIST.

BY MRS. W. H. KITCHER.

"His dominion shall be from sea to sea, and from the flood unto the world's end."—PSALM lxxii. 8.

Oh, word of truth to cheer
The waiting pilgrim's ear;
A light to trusting faith forever given:
Stretching from sea to sea
That kingdom yet shall be,
Tinging the clouds of earth with rays from heaven.

Lo! to each distant shore,
With darkness brooding o'er,
The message of eternal life is borne:
O'er India's idol fanes,
Where darkness ever reigns,
Soon shall be ushered in the glorious morn.

Where sculptured fragments lie
Beneath the glowing sky
Where dark oblivion spreads a murky pall,
O'er-mastering time holds sway,
And slowly to decay
The heathen temples each to ruin fall!

Tribes of the desert far,
Behold the Morning Star
With beams of ever-living truth shall shine;
And every mountain dell
The chorus glad shall swell,
And spread the tidings of that peace divine.

For he shall ever reign,
And death and sin and pain
Shall cease; his promise ever sure will be.
Hasten, oh Lord, the hour
When all shall own thy power,
And humbly waiting souls may thy salvation see.

Family Circle.

A WALK WITH MY WIFE; OR, CONJUGAL RATES OF CONVEYANCE.

Oh! never get married, my boy; never get married, is the abomination of many an old gentleman. I do not say that. I dare say there are some reasonable women in the world; if you can find one, and like her, marry her; and probably you will be more comfortable, on the whole than if you had remained single. Recollect, however, that matrimony has its troubles. The chief of these is its expense. For double blessedness we must pay a double price. Marriage involves chop *plus* chop, steak *plus* steak, tailor's bill *plus* milliner's, at least; mind that. This is domestic felicity on the cheapest terms.

When you marry, if you have more money than you know what to do with, go and live anywhere; in Belgrave-square if you please. But otherwise, if you possibly can, take a little place in the country. Depend upon it that a cottage near a wood is eligible upon other than sentimental grounds. Not only are rambles through avenues and green lanes pleasant and salubrious in themselves; but, mark! *there are no shops on either side of you.*

Arabella and I, before we were married, used to be constantly taking long walks into the country. Above us was the blue firmament; around us were hill and dale, fields, flowers, trees, meandering streams, rippling brooks, cows, sheep, and other animals; all pleasing to behold. We returned home in high spirits, and with a good appetite, both of us. We had enjoyed ourselves greatly, and were no poorer than when we set out.

After marriage, my avocations compelling me to reside in town, Arabella began gradually to lose her taste for scenery, and to take to staying within doors, in consequence of which, she became unwell. Our medical man recommended exercise, and I was obliged to insist on her walking out with me.

I will not say where we live, because I am not writing for my wife's edification, but for that of the readers of *Punch*. We took a walk yesterday. Proceeding at a moderate pace, in about twenty minutes we found ourselves in Oxford Street, near Regent Circus.

Here my wife, feeling herself a little tired and out of breath, declared she could go no further. So we stopped; opposite to one of these real nuisances to husbands—a linen-draper's shop, with windows of enormous panes, and a heap of I know not how much finery, of all sorts and colors in the same; a regular wife-gin or lady-trap. Man-traps are abolished; and I am sure these ought to be. I tried to direct Arabella's attention to the wood pavement; it was of no use; she was fascinated by that window; and there she stood, like a parish boy before a dining room larder. I feared how it would be, and so it was. I was victimized for a thing that shone and glistened and changed color in different lights; she called it a shot-silk—I wish the man had been shot that put it there.

My wife now felt wonderfully recovered; as able to walk, in fact, as when we set out. Finding this, I proposed going up Portland-place to the Regent's park, where, if we wished, we might get a seat. But Arabella was confident that she should require no such thing, and preferred turning down Regent street. After another stage of about thirty yards, she wanted to rest herself again; this time it was opposite to a jeweller's; of which the consequence was her purchasing some ear-rings, and my paying for them. She remarked, as we recommenced our journey, that she could get on very well by going short distances at a time, and then stopping for a moment. So it appeared, but after passing a shop where there was a very rich shawl, which she admired, she seemed to proceed with much difficulty. About the middle of Regent-street, Arabella thought that by the time we got back she should have had walking enough. I suggested that we might extend our steps to the quadrant. Whereat she fairly bargained with me, in case of her so far exerting herself, for a certain love of a bonnet which she had lately seen there, and which she knew would be gone if she did not get it now. As this would not quite ruin me, and as my wife, if any desire of her's is ungratified, is generally out of temper for some days, I consented to get it for her.

I wish my wife and other ladies would come to an understanding with their husbands, as to the rates of travelling and conveyance; as thus—For one mile three yards of ribbon; two miles one pair of silk stockings; three miles, one silk pelisse; four miles one boa; five miles one muff, &c. But I must not talk of muffs, I suppose, after the above confession. However, I shall manage better in future. I do not object to ladies being properly remunerated for their trouble in walking out with their husbands, but the latter, on the principles of common prudence, should know what they had to pay beforehand.—*London Punch.*

CHILDREN.

"A plague upon your little men and women, I say! Children for my money, downright noisy, happy, good-for-nothing, wholesome-looking children,—with eyes dancing like sunshine in clear pools of water; with hair all tossed in the wind; with every look alive, and every outbreak of childhood, chock full o' fun. I appeal to you, ma'am, you that are dressing up your eldest born, a boy of six,—or your youngest, a girl of four,—after the style of the pictures you see in our fashionable magazines, or in the likeness of what you find staring at you through the windows of a barber's shop,—what right have you to make such a fool of yourself,—or of your offspring? What are they to be good for, with their boots and straps, and frocks, and furbelows, and bishops, and-so-forths, after you have had the dressing of them for a twelve month? And I appeal to you, sir,—the father, a foolish father, to be sure, but what of that?—maybe the boy is your only child,—or the girl, a legacy,—wouldn't you rather see them both tumbling about heels over head with house-dog or the ponies, or the little negroes, or paddling with their trowsers rolled up to their knees,—trowsers of both sexes I mean,—in that puddle of water yonder,—with the noisiest and dirtiest play-fellow they can find, and the most delightful because it most resembles themselves,—wouldn't you, now?—there's a man,—speak out! never mind your wife; speak out and make a clean breast of yourself. We know it weighs hard upon your conscience; we know that you know, that after the dear little creatures' lessons are over, after they have once been thoroughly soaped and washed and soused and combed and scrubbed and brushed, they ought to have nothing in this world to do but to make themselves dirty and comfortable just as fast as they like, every day of their lives. The little warm-cheeked, damp-haired, dirty-fisted, noisy, romping wretches! How can you have the heart to make dolls of them, helpless and hopeless monsters, miniature men and women? Do you not know, have you no bowels, no misgivings; do you not know that the surest way in the world of dwarfing mind, and soul,—ay, and the affections too is by dwarfing the *bodies* of your little ones? Would you have them, when they have got their growth, nothing more than miniature men and women!—idle popinjays,—sickly, nervous, pale and peevish? overshadowed by all the true men and women about them, who have been left to grow up in the winds and sunshine? Would you have them droop, withered and blighted, one after another, into a most untimely grave? Yet this is unavoidable, their *certain* fate, if you hurry their growth; if you drive the blossom; if you over-heat the bud, in trying to force these plants into an early fruitage.

There are sensible people enough, always at your elbow,—who seem to have no idea of children or babies. From their birth, all these types of the cherubim,—these glimpses of another world, these embodied instincts, these imperishable blossoms, are looked upon by them as neither more nor less than so many little gentlemen and ladies. They will not even consent to regard them as seedling men and women; but as gentlemen and ladies in full dress, with all their flounces and furbelows, dickies and moustaches in full feather, seen through the wrong end of a spy-glass.

Just carry their notions out, and what a precious world this would be at the end of two or three generations. Luckily for mankind, however, and still more luckily for woman kind—since they have all the trouble and hardly a tithe of the comforts vouchsafed to fathers and mothers, by the present arrangements of society,—there are always children enough, downright children, blossoming about the hedges and by-ways, out among the poor and oppressed, to keep the stock good. But for them the world itself would have gone out long ago; and the last of our race would have been but a generation of prettily dressed, and prettily behaved pigmies, born for aught we know to be contrary, with wigs and hoop-petticoats, false whiskers and false hair to distinguish the sexes."—*John Neal.*

TOUCHING INCIDENT.

The New Haven has the following well told story. We could not find it in our hearts to cut out any part of it.

"As Dr. S. A. Main, Dentist, of Woodbury, was riding through the town of Grafton, Mass., on Friday last, he heard the terrific screams of two females upon a stone wall, opposite a good looking house. They appeared to be exhausted with terror, and making an effort to give an alarm to some person or persons in a distant lot. Dr. M. and his friend left their carriage and approached the ladies. They bade him go into the house, but without affording any explanation. He was accompanied by one of them, who ejaculated continually,—'I've killed it, I've killed it, I've killed it.'

He followed her into the parlor, and there discovered an infant, whose age was about 4 months, lying upon its back, quite black in the face, and apparently, near the end of life. After much effort, he learned that the mother had intended to give the child a tea-spoonful of paregoric, but the sister who went for it, took by mistake, the laudanum bottle, and the mother gave the poisonous dose to the child. She, however, discovered her error in ten or fifteen minutes after the drug had been given. While Dr. M. was examining the child, the father, Mr. Roswell Clark, alarmed by the screams of the women, entered the house in breathless haste, and seeing their agony and getting no explanation, seized Dr. M. *with some violence.* He was able to state in a word the cause of the agitation, and then asked for an emetic, but was told there was none in the house.

He next asked for the vinegar, as he recollected reading in the papers that vinegar was sometimes an antedote for laudanum—*but to all his enquiries he was met by the sobs of one, and the cry of the mother,* 'I've killed it.' The father had mounted his horse for a physician, but was assured that no help could come from one in season to be available, when he abandoned the attempt. Dr. M. in the mean time was obliged himself to search the house for vinegar, which he found, and at once administered a table-spoonful. In less than three minutes after, the child exhibited signs of life, by a twitching of the muscles, and soon it began to vomit and cry, and in less than half an hour it was out of danger. The manifestation of gratitude towards Dr. M. on the part of the family, was quite embarrassing. When refusing the money offered him, the mother insisted upon his taking a gold necklace which she unclasped from her neck, and it was with great difficulty that he could escape without it.

He gave us permission, for the benefit of others, to state the remedy he applied, though he may be surprised that we have gone so far into the particulars; but the account may interest others as it certainly did us. Parents will do well to remember the virtues of vinegar in such cases, though they had better not give their children laudanum for paragoric. When Dr. M. returned through Grafton, he found the child quite well except a slight bowel complaint, probably the effect of its severe dosing.

WOMEN OF LEBANON.

In the east, woman's lovely countenance is rarely or never seen; but the Christian tenets of this part of "the mountain" (as Lebanon is called *par excellence*) allowing its bright radiance to shine unreservedly on man; and amongst its rocky fastnesses, even in the lower classes, are to be met with faces and features that would elicit admiration from, and fix the attention of, those least sensible to the attractions of female charms. A profusion of raven locks, with the clear and ruddy complexion of more northern regions, added often to an eye of the deepest and darkest blue, are the usual characteristics of these mountain nymphs. As to their dress, although many do not admire that singular part of the costume called the "tontura," or high silver horn, placed on the top of the head, and which, though it might look *outre* amidst the crowds of our cities or saloons, yet here, amidst the roar of foaming torrents, under the dark shade of topping crags, or gracefully leaning, as in the present instance, on high over their terrace roofs, these female figures, with the long white veil (which over-hangs and partly conceals the "horn") wildly streaming in the breeze, had at once a wild and mystic effect, highly in accordance with the surrounding savage scenery, of which at first glance they might be mistaken for the tutelar spirits. Whatever we might have thought of *them*, these daughters of the hills were much amused with the novelty of *our* appearance; cordially returned the salutations and inquiries after their health, and seemed quick in their repartees to the several jokes which Master Giorgio appeared to indulge in at their expense, and which, from the boisterous merriment they elicited, were no doubt well applied, and much to the point.—*Colonel Napier's Wild Sports in Europe, Asia, and Africa.*

Foreign Sketches.

LONDON BATHING.

FROM THE BOSTON CHRONICLE.

London needs to wash itself. The pitchy smoke that is ever going up from its myriads of chimneys, and especially belching forth from the furnaces of countless manufacturing establishments, hangs like a cloud over the city, and is for ever sifting down little feathery carbonaceous particles, by the good housewives, called "blacks," into all open windows, and upon all fair and unfair faces—a sort of black snow. The ablutions of nobility, gentility and respectability, are frequent. The large and well constructed houses are abundantly fitted and furnished with bathing tubs, shower baths, foot baths, ewers, reservoirs of water, &c. As to the millions who have not these conveniences, and not the time or care to make frequent applications of the purifying element, they are called, for distinction's sake, the "great unwashed." Yet some of them do wash, as you shall see.

The mornings are fine in London. The fires and the people have gone to sleep at the commencement of the short hours, and 5 A. M., an hour after sunrise, the smoke having cleared away and the sleep of all London being at about its profoundest point, if you will walk abroad you shall have all the mighty magnificent streets pretty much to yourself. Suppose at this hour of a Sunday morning we visit Hyde Park. It is but a mile from Regent street, and the way to it lies through the finest architecture of shops and mansions of the West end.

Look up and down over its broad flaggings and smooth and clean wooden pavement, and not a living being do you see, except perhaps a man riding on a she ass tethered to four others, and whose purpose is to take the animals to his customers to be milked. But London is not wholly asleep. There is a buzzing in the narow lanes and passages. Parties—of one or more—like ourselves, are walking toward the Serpentine river in Hyde Park. If I have not said it before, I will say it now, that Hyde Park is an ornamental common, about one mile wide and two miles long, enclosed by an iron fence, and planted with noble trees. A part of it, more sacred than the rest, and into which you must not enter if you have a bundle or are not well dressed, is beautiful with flowers and shrubbery, and at the end of it stands old Kensington palace, a strange labyrinth of brick and mortar, dwelt in now only by the hangers on of royalty.

Partly in the garden and partly in the Park is an artificial river, lake, pond, or pool. It is supplied by means of iron pipes with pure water, which at one end spouts up through a marble fountain. It is about a mile in length, and is spanned at its egress from the gardens into the Park with a beautiful stone bridge of half a dozen arches, the width, I should think, being about 20 rods. From the bridge it sweeps gracefully down a valley in the Park for at least half a mile, surrounded with elms, some of which are three feet in diameter or more, the smooth green sward sloping down to its brink on one side, and a nice gravel road skirting it on the other. In all this part below the bridge the public are allowed to bathe till 8 o'clock, A. M., except that by lettered boards they are requested to bathe on the opposite side to the road, and are kindly warned of some dangerous places, where cold springs putting in are supposed to give the cramp. But the whole of it we now find surrounded by men and boys of the unwashed, divesting themselves and plunging in. Such a scene!

As near as I can estimate by counting and calculating, here are three thousand people upon the shores at once. One third of them are in the *forked radish* state, capering upon the shore, or gamboling—some few swimming—in the water; the rest are dressing or undressing, and their drapery is not always the choicest. One wonders that in a country were clothing is so exceedingly cheap, strong, healthy men wear such dilapidated garments as many of them do. Were it not for the crowds it is really a delightful place, and fit for naiads to bathe in. Though in the heart of the city, the chimney tops can only be seen at a distance through the trees. The grass is like velvet, and the brink is cleanly and nicely gravelled. At the present time, however, owing perhaps to the terrible drought, the water about the edges is covered with a mantle much greener than the grass. And even when you have got out into the middle, as you swim along see these sooty feathers from the chimneys resting every where upon the surface, unless it is a good deal raffled with the wind.

Art has here tried hard and done wonders, but it cannot make and keep in order one of nature's crystal lakes in a great city. Still, turbid as the water is, and approaching to stagnancy, it has a purifying effect upon some subjects, for I saw some men plunge in as black as Ethiopians, and come out like lilies—they were "coal-heavers." The people are constantly coming and going, and by 8 o'clock I have no doubt 10,000 had come, and gone away refreshed. They seemed to be altogether laboring people—some were old and bent with toil—some were forms for sculptors to study with delight. All behaved, so far as I saw, with the greatest decorum. One would think there would be a chance, if not for picking pockets, for carrying off trousers, pockets and all. But the thing is never done. Clothes are laid down and left with the utmost safety. One of our sanguine non-resistance brethren would derive an argument, from this perfect honesty of so great a rabble for *no-government.*

But I take it the rogues understand they would be pretty sure of a ducking, to say nothing of the omnipresent police. Where all are alike exposed, there must be pretty strong public opinion in favor of honesty. The Humane Society has a reciving-house for drowned persons on the shore of this water, and keeps four or five boats constantly plying during bathing hours, to pick up any that get into difficulty. Such a thing is a great blessing; it would be a magnificent accommodation for Boston, but it is a mere drop in the bucket for London. Every city should have well regulated bathing houses, enough to accommodate the whole population of both sexes with a daily bath—the poor gratis and the rest at the cost. Them's my sentiments.

FOGS.

The month of June of this year will long be remembered in Boston and vicinity for the drought which prevailed. No rain fell—nor were there any dews or fogs during the month. Indeed, we have never known a season when so little fog has been witnessed in the bay. Of course we have had a few easterly winds, and the atmosphere has been grateful to the invalid. In the summer, as well as the spring months, dense fogs are usually frequent on our coast, and prove inconvenient and dangerous to the navigator. Indeed, a fog at sea is universally disliked by the thorough sailor, who, while the ship is enveloped in a thick veil, which screens from sight the jib-boom, experiences a feeling of gloom, of insecurity, of indefinite danger, for which he cannot account. Ajax Telamon was probably lost in a fog when, in an agony of anxiety, he prayed to Jupiter to grant him the power to see his enemies, who were around him. But we have no such fogs on this continent as are sometimes experienced in Europe. London fogs are proverbial for their density and opaqueness, and the gloom which they cast over the spirits of the hypocondriac often causes him to commit suicide. At such times business is generally suspended, lights are used in all the dwellings at noon-day, and thousands of persons are literally lost in the fog while attempting to perambulate the streets. But the fogs in London, after all, are but cakes and gingerbread compared to the fogs of Amsterdam, and which hover over the Zuyder Zee, and the fact that that city is reticulated with canals, renders it dangerous in the extreme to those fool-hardy persons who will venture to leave their homes at such times. The most destructive fog which probably ever occurred at Amsterdam was on the last day of the year 1790, when it was so dense that the people could not see their way along the streets, and ran against each other, even though they had lights in their hands. The accidents it occasioned were very numerous, but the most lamentable was the number of people who perished from falling into the canals, where they were drowned before assistance could be given them, though their cries could be distinctly heard. The number of persons who perished in this way amounted to two hundred and thirty.—*Bost. Mer. Jour.*

THE BELVIDERE APOLLO.

BY H. H. MILMAN.

Heard ye the arrow hurtle in the sky?
Heard ye the dragon-monster's deathful cry?
In settled majesty of fierce disdain,
Proud of his might, yet scornful of his slain,
The heavenly Archer stands—no human birth,
No perishable denizen of earth;
Youth blooms immortal in his beardless face,
A god in strength, with more than godlike grace;
All, all divine—no struggling muscle glows,
Through heaving vein no mantling life-blood flows,
But animate with Deity alone,
In deathless glory lives the breathing stone.

Bright kindling with a Conqueror's stern delight,
His keen eye tracks the arrow's fateful flight;
Burns his indignant cheek with vengeful fire,
And his lip quivers with insulting ire:
Firm fixed his tread, yet light, as when on high,
He walks the impalpable and pathless sky;
The rich luxuriance of his hair, confined
In graceful ringlets, wantons on the wind,
That lifts in sport his mantle's drooping fold
Proud to display that form of faultless mould.

Mighty Ephesian! with an angel's flight
Thy proud soul mounted through the fields of light,
View'd the bright conclave of Heaven's blest abode,
And the cold marble leapt to life a god;
Contagious awe through breathless myriads ran,
And nations bow'd before the work of man.
For mild he seemed, as in Elysian bowers,
Wasting in careless ease the joyous hours;
Haughty, as bards have sung, with princely sway,
Curbing the fierce flame-breathing steeds of day;
Beauteous as vision seen in dreamy sleep,
By holy maid on Delphi's haunted steep,
'Mid the dim twilight of the laurel grove,
Too fair to worship, too divine to love.

Yet on that form, in wild delirious trance,
With more than reverence gazed the Maid of France.
Day after day the love-sick dreamer stood
With him alone, nor thought it solitude;
To cherish grief, her last, her dearest care,
Her one fond hope—to perish or despair.
Oft as the shifting light her sight beguiled,
Blushing she shrunk, and thought the marble smiled:
Oft breathless list'ning heard, or seemed to hear,
A voice of music melt upon the ear.
Slowly she waned, and cold and senseless grown,
Closed her dim eye, herself benumbed to stone.
Yet love in death a sickly strength supplied,
Once more she gazed, then feebly smiled, and died.

CHRISTMAS IN NORWAY.

Thanks be to God for the sun! So many friends, so many joys, desert us during our pilgrimage through life—the sun remains true to us, and lights and warms us from the cradle to the grave. This it is which unites the Pagan and the Christian in one common worship, inasmuch as it lifts the hearts of both to the God who has created the sun. The highest festival of the year among the Northern Heathens and Christians occurs also at the season in which the sun, as it were, is born anew to the earth, and his strength is converted from waning to waxing. With the greatest cordiality is this festival celebrated in the Scandinavian countries. Not alone in the houses of the wealthy blaze up fires of joy, and are heard the joyful cries of children; from the humblest cottage also resounds joy; in the prison it becomes bright, and the poor partake of plenty. In the country, doors, hearths and tables stand open to every wanderer. In many parts of Norway the inn-keeper demands no payment from the traveller either for board or lodging. This is the time in which the earth seems to feel the truth of the heavenly words, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." And not only human beings, but animals also have their good things at Christmas. All the inhabitants of the farm-yard, all domestic animals, are entertained in the best manner; and the little birds of heaven rejoice too, for at every barn a tall stake raises itself, on the top of which rich sheaves of oats invites them to a magnificent meal; even the poorest day laborer, if he himself possesses no corn, asks and receives from the peasants a bundle of corn, raises it aloft, and makes the birds rejoice beside his empty barn.—*Miss Bremer.*

MY FADED FLOWER.

FROM THE NEW MIRROR.

"Print it, dear——: 'tis genuine heart-music. Though you shall find it rude and uncouth, there is a strain of holiness in it—the holiness of sorrow."—*From a Friend.*

With a dim and mute surprise,
Looking out of her violet eyes,
She passed through life in a fitful gleam,
And faded like a dream.

Watching her, day by day,
Night after night—with no time to pray—
We shuddering saw her struggle with death,
Then smile away her breath.

Faintly as beat her heart—
That little one—when called to part,
We found that a strong and mighty chain
Was rudely snapped in twain.

Linking her heart with mine,
Closely, oh strongly, did it twine
Around my soul—and lightning-love
Played on it from above.

Baby, sleeping and dead!
Flowers and birds o'er thy silent bed,
Laugh and weep to the summer sky—
Would I too could die!

For life is a dull, sad fever,
Eating into the heart forever—
And smiles are but mocking dreams—and love
Lives but in heaven above.

Withered with ceaseless care,
Fainting with weariness and despair,
Weak and fearful and sick at heart,
I sigh but to depart.

My daughter! return'd to heaven!
If to thee it is bapty given,
Put up a prayer with thy gentle eyes,
To haste me to the skies.

Selected Articles.

DINNER AT CAPE MAY.

FROM THE PHILADELPHIA DAILY CHRONICLE.

"Mercy! there's the gong for dinner;
Harry, Lizzie, we'll be late;"
"I wish my hair were little thinner—
Patience! it will ne'er come straight."
"Where's the rouge, cologne, and powder?"
"Annie, does my hair look nice?"
"Hark! the gong is sounding louder—
We'll be ready in a trice."
Now all hurry,
Bustle, flurry,
Matrons, maidens, beauty, beau,
Dishes rattling,
Women prattling,
Waiters hurrying to and fro.
Thus we do commence each day, sir,
To take dinner at Cape May, sir.

"That's my seat, sir. Where's the waiter?"
"This way, massa, here's a plate;"
"Good for me, one moment later,
And I'd been just one too late."
"Soup this way—come, Cæsar, fly round;"
"Madam, will you take some fish?"
"Thank you, no. I'll cast my eye round."
"Sampson, bring me a clean dish."
"Pompey, water"—
"Mike, my porter,"
"Come, stir up your lazy bones;"
"Drink some claret,"
"I can't bear it,"
"Zounds! they poke like very drones."
Thus the first course ends each day, sir,
Of our dinner at Cape May, sir.

"Madam, will you have some mutton?"
"Elbow room, none here to spare:"
"I'd not give for veal a button,"
"Roast beef, sir—well done or rare?"
"Salt, sir;" lo! another seizes.
"What's that dish below the hash?"
"Mercy on us, save the pieces."
"Neighbor, thank you for some squash."
"Try my sherry?"
"Tis fine, very,
May we ne'er drink any worse."
"Aye, aye, stop, sir,
To the hop, sir,
I'll subscribe my share, of course."
Thus the next course ends each day, sir,
Of our dinner at Cape May, sir.

"Dearest, would you choose a fritter?"
"Twig those eyes, how bright they beam,
Brighter far than diamond glitter:"
"Love, do get me some ice cream."
"Waiter!" "Coming." "Quick, be hasty;"
"What's down there at t'other end?"
"Peaches, puddings, plumbs, and pastry."
"Pass those nuts along, my friend."
Thus they gobble
At the table,
Eating, drinking, all the while;
Some are choking,
Others joking,
Some laugh outright, others smile.
Thus the third course ends each day, sir,
Of our dinner, at Cape May, sir.

"Waiter, brandy; let's be sprightly,
Ladies all have left us now:"
"'Pon my soul, you touch it lightly."
"Here's to wine and Cupid's bow."
"Bring me Hock, I always choose it;"
"Champagne, waiter, here, this way."
"Toast, dear woman; who'll refuse it;
Let's be merry while we may."
Then there's quaffing,
And there's laughing,
Each one merry as a lark;
He the best one,
Who can jest on
Until it is nearly dark.
Thus the last course ends each day, sir,
Of our dinner at Cape May, sir.

ANECDOTES OF JUDGE PETERS.

When Judge Peters was Speaker of the House of Assembly, one of the members, in crossing the room, tript on the carpet, and fell down. The House burst into laughter, while the Judge, with the utmost gravity, cried—"Order, order, gentlemen; do you not see that a member has the floor!"—which is the usual way of requiring silence when any one rises to speak.

At the beginning of our revolutionary war, the Judge was elected captain of a volunteer company of infantry. When he called at the pay-master's to settle his first six months' accounts, that officer remarked to him that they were large, and added:

"Pray, captain, how many men do you command?"

"Not one," replied the Judge.

"How!" exclaimed the pay-master, "such heavy accounts as these, and not command one man?"

"No," replied the Judge; "but I am commanded by ninety."

When Lafayette was in America, he told us at the Judge's house, that he and the Judge made their grand entrance into Philadelphia in a barouche and four. The dust kicked up by the volunteer troopers annoyed them much.

"Ah!" said the Judge, "most of these horsemen are lawyers, and they are always throwing dust in my eyes."

On another occasion, the Judge was standing by Lafayette, when a young military officer, in addressing the general, said,

"Sir: although we were not born to partake in your Revolutionary hardships, yet we mean, should your country be attacked, to tread in the shoes of your brave forefathers."

"No, no," cried the Judge, "that you can never do, because your forefathers fought barefooted."

A lawyer, engaged in a cause before the Judge, tormented a poor German witness so much with questions, that the old man declared he was exhausted that he must have a drink of water before he could say anythihg more. Upon this, the Judge called out to the teazing lawyer, "I think, sir, you must be done with that witness now, for you have pumped him dry."

HARD PUSHED.

Mr. Walsh, in one of his letters, tells the following story of the address of a Parisian dandy.

He was invited to be early at the Legitimist Civil List Ball, by a modish beauty who promised her hand for the first quadrille. A convivial meeting detained him at his apartment later than he expected. He found that he had scarcely time for his rendezvous; fifty or a hundred carriages might be already in file, and it was impossible to proceed on foot in a February splash. We see every day passing in the streets covered litters on which the sick soldiers or the poor are borne by two or four men to the hospitals. The idea occurred to him in his gallant despair to sent a wallet for a *civiere* and this was speedily procured. He extended himself full dressed; the curtains were duly closed; and two stalwart porters carried the patient in his pumps; passed the whole long line of carriages, the municipal guards and every one else respectfully giving way; and when they entered the grand gates of the Cassine, to reach the distant vestibule, the cry arose that it was an unfortunate laborer who had fallen from the scaffolding erected in the neighborhood for the preparation of certain decorations of the hall. Our beau sprang from his covert and was safe in the throng in the ante-chamber before the police sentinels awoke from their astonishment.

Our Scrap Book.

THE FLIRT.

BY SIR ROBERT AYTON

I do confess thou'rt sweet; yet find
Thee such an unthrift of thy sweets,
Thy favors are but like the wind,
That kisses every thing it meets;
And since thou canst with more than one,
Thou'rt worthy to be kiss'd by none.

The morning rose that untouch'd stands,
Arm'd with her briers, how sweetly smells!
But pluck'd and strain'd through ruder hands,
Her scent no longer with her dwells,
But scent and beauty both are gone,
And leaves fall from her one by one.

Such fate, e'er long, will thee betide,
When thou hast handled been awhile,
Like sun-flowers to be thrown aside,
And I shall sigh while some will smile;
To see thy love for more than one,
Has brought thee to be loved by none.

☞ Here is a specimen of alphabetical transcendentalism—"As Beauties Culminate Daring Every Favorable Garniture, However Imperfect Jarring Kingdoms Legislate. Man Never Obliterates Partially Questions Rising Summarily Towards Unusual Varieties, Without Xerotical Yearnings."

SUFFICIENT PROVOCATION.—Let a man be ever so mild and patient in his disposition, yet if you stick the toe of your boot in his mouth, poke smutty tongs in his whiskers, whip off his coat tail with your penknife, put half bricks in his soup, or open oysters with his razor, ten to one he will resent the insinuation.

WOMAN'S DESTINY.

Is not the life of woman all bound up
In her affections? What hath she to do
In this bleak world alone? It may be well
For man on his triumphant course to move
Uncumbered by soft bonds; but we were born
For love and grief.

☞ Nothing sets so wide a mark between a vulgar and a noble soul, as the respect and reverential love of womanhood. A man who is always sneering at woman, is generally a coarse profligate or a coarse bigot.

☞ It is said that the Palermo donkey is the most obliging animal that ever wore long ears, and will carry you cheerfully four or five miles an hour without whip or other *encouragement.*

☞ A person advertising in the London Times for a situation, says—"Any kind of employment willingly accepted, from teaching mathematics to drawing a truck."

☞ A young man without money is like a steamboat without fuel. He can't "go ahead." Among the ladies he is like a moon in a cloudy night. "He can't shine."

☞ A cabman in Ireland, on being asked the meaning of the letters G. P. O. (General Post Office) on the milestones, replied that they meant, "God Preserve O'Connell."

THE FOUR SECRETS OF HEALTH are early rising, exercise, personal cleanliness, and rising from the table with the stomach unoppressed. There may be sorrows in spite of these; but will be less with them, and nobody can be truly comfortable without them.

☞ A Western paper has the following good hit at a stingy tavern keeper:—

"Your calves are so fat and red,
Your fowls so thin and blue,
'Tis seen which Providence has fed,
And which were reared by you."

PUNCH, in alluding to the many "Leagues" now in existence, says that one has been formed in order to protect the cultivators of earth-grown water-cresses against the competition of the vegetable produced in ordinary slop-basins.

☞ "Did you present your account to the defendant?" inquired a lawyer of his client. "I did, your honor." "And what did he say?" "He told me to go to the d—l." "And what did you do then?" "Why, then I came to you."

☞ In the windows of several of the hotels on the continent, are bills with this candid invitation: "The British traveller taken in here." The Marquis of Hartford says, it was the *bill* he saw inside that assured him of the fact.

☞ A Yankee has invented yellow spectacles, for making lard look like butter. They are a great saving in expense, as lard eaten with these spectacles on tastes very much the same as stewed oil.

☞ A Western paper speaking of some man's profanity says: "He ripped out such a string of oaths as would have split a white-oak stump to the roots and turned the sky yellow."

☞ A Yankee has invented a drilling machine which not only drills wood, rocks and iron, but is also useful in drilling military companies.

☞ "Ache away," said a man to his tooth, "you hurt yourself more than you do me."

Choice Selections.

"OUR ANCIENT INSTITUTIONS."

Freemen! one of the toasts proposed the other evening at the conservative dinner, at Covent Garden, was Our Ancient Institutions. Punch very much questions if those who drank it knew what they were drinking. By this he means no insinuation against the wine; although he will confess, for himself, that he never dined at a public dinner yet at which he did not wonder what the port and sherry were made of. He would only ask whether, when Our Ancient Institutions were drunk, the company had any idea of what they swallowed? Because, if not, he begs to tell them, and, in case they are jolly fellows, the information may be worth having, that the said toast might be very advantageously subdivided into several others, which, celebrated with a bumper each, would go far to make any gentleman comfortable. He will just mention a few.

"The Forest Laws."

"The Feudal System; with the Power of Pit and Gallows."

"Trial by Battle and Ordeal;" which last toast might be coupled with "Speed the Hot Plough-share."

"The Application of Dental Surgery, for the increase of the Crown Revenues, to Gentlemen of the Hebrew Persuasion."

"The Statute De Hæretico Comburdendo."

"Ditto, against Witchcraft."

"The Star Chamber."

"The 'Peine-Forte et Dure' and Examination by Torture."

"Hanging, Drawing and Quartering."

"The Penal Laws, with the Test and Corporation Acts."

"The good old Criminal Code, with its Punishment of Death for stealing a yard of muslin."

In connection with the above, various accessory toasts, emblematical of the wisdom and goodness of our ancestors, so evinced in their institutions, might be proposed; as, "The Rack," "The Thumb-screws," and "The Scavenger's Daughter."—*London Punch.*

THE SUIT OF RUSSET BROWN.

BY ELIZA COOK.

We copy the following for the sake of the illustration it gives of the fact that "plain garbs may cover worth," a truth self-evident to every *sensible* person, but which many young ladies are slow to learn, and which many more have learned to their sorrow. Girls, trust not to *dress* as a criterion of character; it is an abominable cheat—a genuine "humbug," as much so, (if it be not uncivil,) as those laughter-moving "items" to the equipage of fashionable *dandizettes*, yclept "bustles."—*N. E. Far.*

A maiden once a lover had
Who breathed the truest sighs,
But simply was this lover clad
In dark and lowly guise.

So all his wooing was in vain,
She scorned his peasant grade;
She tossed her head and mocked his pain,
And laughed at all he said.

"No, no," cried she, "the tale would be
A jest for all the town;
I'll wed no youth who wears, forsooth,
A suit of russet brown."

He offered her a gentle bird
Whose plumage, it was true,
Gave forth no sheen of glossy green,
No scarlet gold, or blue.

She looked upon it with an eye
That flashed with kindling pride,
With head uplift she scorned the gift,
And thrust the cage aside.

"No, no," cried she with pompous airs,
"Such boon I would not own,
For, like yourself, it only wears
A suit of russet brown."

When next she met the youth, he wore
A doublet of high cost;
The bird's rich song was heard no more,
But youth and bird were lost.

The maiden then bewailed her fate,
She blamed her scornful mirth;
And thought, but ah! she thought too late,
"Plain garbs may cover worth."

Then, ladies, list—the lesson learn—
Be wary how you frown;
Think twice ere once ye rudely spurn
A suit of russet brown.

NIGHT NOISES.

These are numerous; the most persons are apt to invest them with a mysterious character, when a little reflection would refer them to very natural causes. In the first place, the silence of night renders things audible that would be drowned in the turmoil and bustle of day. Of these too often alarming sounds the trivial and even ridiculous, origin is not unworthy of notice. Cats are prodigal agents in such matters; and we are of opinion that the greater number of ominous noises which frighten sober people out of their senses are attributable to them. A young cat, of a very sociable turn, fond of human company, and belonging to the present writer, is in the habit, especially at night, of knocking with its forehead three times upon the door of any room it may desire to enter. On hearing such a summons, any person, sitting in the hush of a winter evening, would seize a candle, open the door, and, looking level with his eyes, while the cat glided in with noiseless steps at his feet, would protest that the sound came from something invisible, and terrify his family with all manner of horrid portents, which, if some member of it should chance to be infirm of health, might tend to a fatal fulfilment. Once, indeed, and it was at midnight, too, this very summons caused a momentary alarm in one of the writer's relatives, who, knowing that every man in the house (except herself and companion) was a-bed, started, and was aghast at hearing three thumps against the parlor door. "'Tis only our little cat," said the writer; "you shall see her enter." Opening the door, and holding the light downwards, puss was seen to steal in, sure enough, and take her place quietly on an ottoman under the table. A knowledge of this common, but unobserved fact, might perhaps prevent much mystification and cloudy terror, and might, moreover, explain many well-authenticated and grim stories of night noises.—*Ainsworth's Magazine.*

A MUSICAL DOG.

The following we cut from a letter from Montreal, published in the U. S. Gazette.

The great attraction for the young folk in this city are the parades of the two regiments of British soldiers. On Tuesday morning the Highland regiment was out for a special display. As the battalions marched, I noticed that the only being ventured upon the military ground, besides the military themselves, was a large black dog. When the music joined the regiment, the dog took up his march with the band, and seemed pleased with the rich Scotch airs to which the battalions marched. At length there was a halt, and almost immediately the band struck up that plaintive air to which Dempster sings his words of the "Irish Emigrant," it was exquisitely performed. The poor dog, however, left the rank, walked slowly the distance of a rod or two, sat quietly down, throwing his head a little on one side as if to catch every note of the tune, and evincing a sort of melancholy pleasure at the performance. At length the music ceased, and the dog rose slowly, and with a sort of measured step left the parade. Poor dog! he had been the property of one of the musicians; his master, whose place was vacant in the band, had brought him across the Atlantic, and during the sickness which had ultimately laid him in the grave, was wont to play the tune which the band had just performed. The dog had learned to love music, for the sake of his master first, and then for the music alone; but that tune awoke the memory of other days as clearly as you and I recall to the memory of each other some kind and heart-broken friend whom fate has brought to an early grave.

THE RESURRECTION.

My life's a shade, my days
Apace to death decline;
My Lord is life, he'll raise
My flesh again e'en mine—
Sweet truth to me,
I shall arise;
And with these eyes
My Saviour see.

My peaceful grave shall keep
My bones till that sweet day,
I wake from my long sleep,
And leave my bed of clay.
Sweet truth to me, &c.

My Lord! his angels shall
Their golden trumpets sound;
At whose most welcome call,
My grave shall be unbound!
Sweet truth to me, &c.

I said something with tears,
Ah, me! I'm loath to die;
Lord, silence thou these fears,
My life's with thee on high.
Sweet truth to me, &c.

What means my beating heart
To be thus shy of death?
My life and I shant part,
Though I resign my breath!
Sweet truth to me, &c.

Then welcome harmless grave,
By thee to heaven I'll go;
My Lord! his death shall save
Me from the flames below.
Sweet truth to me,
I shall rise!
And with these eyes,
My Saviour see.

SUBSTITUTE FOR WHITE LEAD.—The great amount of mortality among painters and manufacturers of paint, arising from the deleterious effluvia of white lead, is well known, and has frequently directed the attention of chemists to the discovery of an innocuous substitute. Hitherto the attempt has been fruitless; as least so far as we are aware, no other substance has taken the place of the common pigment. It would appear, however, from the report of the Paris Academy of Sciences, that M. De Ruolz has at length succeeded in producing a preparation possessing all the economical properties of white lead, without partaking of its offensive character. This substance is the oxide of antimony, which is distinguished by the following qualities:—Its color is very pure white, rivalling the finest silver white; it is easily ground, and forms with oil an unctuous and cohesive mixture; compared with the white lead of Holland, its property of concealing is as 46 to 22; and mixed with other paints, it gives a much clearer and softer tone than white lead. It may be obtained, according to M. De Ruolz, from the natural sulphuret of antimony, and at a third of the cost of ordinary white paint.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.—I remember, on one occasion, travelling in this country with a companion who possessed some knowledge of medicine: we had arrived at a douar, near which we were about to pitch our tents, when a crowd of Arabs surrounded us, cursing and swearing at the "rebellers against God." My friend, who spoke a little Arabic, turning round to an elderly person, whose garb bespoke him a priest, said, "Who taught you that we were disbelievers? Hear my daily prayer, and judge for yourselves:" he then repeated the Lord's Prayer. All stood amazed and silent until the priest exclaimed, "May God curse me if ever I curse again those who hold such belief; nay more, that prayer shall be my prayer till my hour be come. I pray thee, oh Nazarene, repeat the prayer, that it may be remembered and written among us in letters of gold."—*Mr. Hay's Western Barbary.*

LADIES' SHOES.—"In olden times," says the Newburyport Herald, "ladies' shoes were made in Lynn of common woollen cloth, or coarse curried leather, afterwards of stuffs, such as cassimere, everlasting, shalloon, and russet; some of satin and damask, others of satin, lasting and florentine. They were generally cut with straps, for large buckles, which were worn in those days by women as well as men.

"Ladies' shoes 60 or 70 years ago were made mostly with white and russet rands, and stitched very fine on the rand with white-waxed thread. Some were made turn pumps and channel pumps, all having wooden heels, called cross-cut, common and court-heels. Then the cork, plug, and wedge, or spring heels, came into use. The side leather was all worked with the flesh side out."

AGRICULTURAL EMULATION.—There is a beautiful circumstance connected with agricultural emulation. In many of the pursuits of life, one man gets rich by making another man poor. He climbs the ladder by stepping upon another man's shoulder; or he builds his own building out of the fragments of his neighbor's which he has undermined. This is often a crying injustice, and inflicts many bitter mortifications, or arouses vindictive and tiger passions. Emulation in agricultural improvement enkindles no such baleful fires. A man can make no improvements in husbandry without at once extending the knowledge and advantage of them to others. The enlargement of the capacities of the soil, and every increase of its productions, confer an immediate benefit upon the whole community.

The Olio.

POOR SOUL!—A Lyons journal relates that a few days ago a lady in deep mourning, with a countenance expressive of profound grief, entered the shop of a chemist of that city, followed by a servant in livery, carrying a box, on which armorial bearings were richly emblazoned. She asked for some spirits of wine, while her servant placed the box on the counter, which she opened, and took out a glass bottle as richly cut, containing a heart, and desired that it might be filled with the spirits. The chemist, almost overcome by the sight of the object and the distress of the lady, complied with her request. He then ventured to express his sympathy, observing that the object of her tender solicitude must have been lost to her at a very early age, from its diminutive size. She replied in tones almost inaudible from her sobs and tears, "Oh, sir, it is the heart of the being I held the most dear in the world—it is that of my poor dear little darling dog."

TEA FOR YANKEES.—They were shipping lately at London some vile tea for this country. "Oh," said a man present who appeared to be owner, "the tea is spoiled—it is not worth a farthing a pound: so we are sending it over to the infernal Yankees." "The Yankees will know what to do with it!" replied a listener, "as it is not the *first* time they have had to dispose of *tea* belonging to the English; if my memory serves me, they once made a *tea pot of Boston harbor*, for the particular accommodation of your king and country." Several Americans were present, and a roar of laughter ensued.

AGES OF VARIOUS SOVEREIGNS.—Last new year's day the various rulers of the earth bore the following ages:—The king of Sweden, 80, (since dead) the pope, 78; the king of the French, 70; the emperor of China, 62; the king of Wurtemberg, 62; the king of Bavaria, 57; the king of Denmark, 57; the king of the Belgians, 54; the emperor of Austria, 50; the king of Prussia, 50; the emperor of Russia, 47; the king of Saxony, 46; the king of Sardinia, 45; the king of Naples, 34; the king of the Greeks, 26; the queen of Portugal, 25; the queen of England, 24; the sultan of Turkey, 20; and the queen of Spain, 13.—*Cham. Jour.*

BETTER THAN NONE.—A married woman was one day telling a single lady on the wrong side of fifty, of some domestic troubles which she attributed to the irregularities of her husband.

"Well," said the old maid, "you have brought these troubles on yourself; I told you not to marry him. I was sure he would not make you a good husband."

"He is not a good one, to be sure," replied the woman, "but he is a great deal better than none!"

TAKING IT COOLLY.—A fellow, as the story goes, crowded himself into company where he was not wanted, and when requested to withdraw, he refused. Whereupon a "huge paw" took him by the collar, and with a terrible kick lifted him on to the side walk. The ejected stranger riz, and scratching the bruised spot, said, *Mister, who topped your boots!*" He did this so coolly, that he was voted in a life member of the "Dry Jokers."

"SORT YOURSELVES."—There is a story (says an English paper) of the officiating minister at the Manchester Collegiate Church having to marry thirty couple altogether on Whit-Monday. Towards the end of the service, a female voice was heard to cry out, imploringly, from the midst of the crowd, "Sir, you have married me to the wrong man." The functionary called out, "Sort yourselves, sort yourselves," and went on.

SETTING IT RATHER HIGH!—Mr. Wellesly Pole used to say that it was impossible to live a gentleman in England under £40,000 a year! and Brummell told a lady who asked him how much she ought to allow her son a year for dress, that it *might* be done for £800, with strict economy.

RECEIPT.—How to make a pair of boots last a number of years. Melt three parts of mutton tallow with one of rosin—give them a thorough application of the mixture, and—be careful not to wear them.

THE GOOD EMPEROR.

Tho' shouts were rais'd for Nicholas, yet some *would* raise a doubt,
Whether he was great and good, or—only good for *knout!*—*Punch.*

IT IS safer to be attacked by some men, than to be *protected* by them.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

NEW VOLUME, JULY, 1844.

OUR PLATES, BATTLE-GROUNDS, ETC.

In order to increase still further, if possible, the high reputation "Graham's Magazine" has attained, both in this country and Europe, we have sketched out a plan of our own, in regard to embellishments, which, from its extent and usefulness, must meet with general approbation; and we mention it now, because it may hereafter suit those who are *always behind* to take hints from our suggestions, and simply announcing an *intention*, to claim more than the merit of the *previous performer.*

Graham's Magazine, by the engagement of the highest order of talent in the country, both in literature and the arts, is now universally regarded as THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, and we purpose, at the close of the present volume, to *show our hand*, and on enlarged enterprise, and we call upon others to strike out something original.

VIEWS IN THE SOUTH AND WEST.

In pursuance of our plan to make "Graham" in all respects a NATIONAL WORK, we have engaged the most accomplished artists to prepare for the magazine a series of engravings of *noted places* in the far West, South and South-West, while our townsman Mr. CROOME and others are engaged to supply us with a series of views in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland and the East. We have purchased of JAMES HERRING, Esq. a series of original engravings, made from original pictures, by CHAPMAN and others, of places noted in Revolutionary History, and also of Messrs. RAWDON, WRIGHT, HATCH & SMILLIE, the beautiful series of Georgia views, prepared some time since from original drawings, for the Messrs. RICHARDS, two noble hearted young gentlemen of Georgia, whose patriotic enterprise—that of giving in elegant style the most charming views of their native State—was abandoned for want of the proper encouragement in the outset. These views are the most elegant landscape pictures that have ever been engraved in the United States, and we rejoice at the opportunity afforded us of sending them forth through our ample circulation to more than one hundred thousand readers, in *every part of the Union.* One of them we give in the June number.

INDIAN SCENES AND SKETCHES.

In addition to this, we have in the engravers' hands some fine pictures of *Indian Scenes—War-Dances—Hunting-Parties—Portraits of celebrated Indian Chiefs—Noted Indian Graves—Sports and Pastimes among the Indians, &c., &c.* So that we shall give a strictly American character to Graham's Magazine, and present in the coming volume, *from original American drawings and pictures*, the most glorious scenes of every part of our country.

BATTLE-GROUNDS OF AMERICA.

"The Battle-Grounds of America" is a feature of which we are proud. This we projected *more than two years ago*, and Mr. Peterson and others at that time began, at our instance, to collect letter-press materials for these sketches, as can be proved if necessary by a host of witnesses. We have now *four of these Battle-Grounds ready to publish, and shall give one in the July number.* We already occupy the ground, by the possession of more than a dozen of these sketches, and therefore *defy* any thing more than a *mere show* of competition.

We had a conversation with Col. S. D. Patterson, upon this subject, early last summer, and we hereby acknowledge our indebtedness to him for valuable suggestions on this matter. We add notes from him and other gentlemen below.*

We have thought proper to meet this question, because a similar effort was made to deprive us of credit, when, in 1841 and '42, the magazine world was taken by storm with our unequalled series of mezzotint plates—a feature adopted by others long after we had occupied the field.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

"Our Portrait Gallery of American Authors" is a feature which we claim as *our own*, and, though *imitators* may arise, we have secured *all the best writers of the day*, who come appropriately under the denomination of "Our Contributors," and we need not tell our readers that these are nineteen-twentieths of our magazine writers. *We, therefore, bid defiance to any and all competition in magazine illustration.*

OUR LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

The high tone of the articles in Graham's Magazine has given it the proud position of "*the leading magazine in America.*" With such writers as the following, *secured* as regular contributors, the publisher defies any rivalry: James Fenimore Cooper, Hon. James K. Paulding, W. C. Bryant, Henry W. Longfellow, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Henry W. Herbert, James Russel Lowell, Chas. Fenno Hoffman, Hon. R. T. Conrad, with a host of other gentlemen of high repute.

Mrs. Amelia B. Welby, Miss Sedgwick, Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Mary Clavers, Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, Mrs. Brooks, Mrs. Osgood, Mrs. Embury, Mrs. Seba Smith, Mrs. Annan, Mrs. Nicholas, Mrs. Peirson, Mrs. Worthington, Miss Rand, Miss Hervey, and others.

MUSIC AND THE FASHIONS.

An arrangement has been made with competent artists for *Original Music* for Graham's Magazine, and also for the earliest styles of fashionable costume, which will regularly appear in this work.

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CLUBS, 2	"	$5 "
" 5	"	$10 "
" 8	"	$15 "
" 11	"	$20 "

An Original Novel will be sent to each subscriber.

Address, GEORGE R. GRAHAM,
No. 98 Chesnut street, Philadelphia.

THE BATTLE-GROUNDS.

Philadelphia, April 20, 1844.

* MY DEAR SIR—In reply to your inquiry, I can state, with perfect confidence, that, in the summer of 1843, I had a conversation with you on the subject of making engraved views of the "Battle-Grounds of America" a feature in the Magazine, and that I then saw, in your possession, an original sketch of Clieve's House, and the battle-field at Germantown. Very truly, &c. S. D. PATTERSON.

GEO. R. GRAHAM, Esq.

DEAR SIR—I distinctly remember the occasion on which the publication of "The Battle-fields of America" in your Magazine was projected. It was in my office, more than two years age, in a conversation betwixt you, several other gentlemen, and myself. About a year afterward, to my knowledge, steps were taken to put the project in execution. Yours, truly.

April 23d, 1844. CHAS. J. PETERSON.

DEAR SIR—I distinctly remember that, more than eighteen months ago, you mentioned to me, in a conversation I had with you, that you were about introducing "The Battle Grounds" into your Magazine, and that I then expressed a high opinion of the plan.

Philada., April 23, 1844. SAML. TILLER.

CONSUMPTIVES DO NOT DESPAIR!!

THOMSON'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF TAR and WOOD NAPHTHA, the most certain and powerful remedy ever discovered for PULMONARY CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, SPITTING OF BLOOD, ASTHMA, and all diseases of the respiratory organs.

The readers attention is requested to the following ASTONISHING CURE of a lady well known in this community: PHILADELPHIA, March 9, 1844.

Mr. S. Thomson—Dear Sir—Although unsolicited by you, I consider it a duty I owe to my suffering fellow creatures, to make the following statement, which for humanity's sake I hope you will make public; for rarely, if ever, has so astonishing a cure been effected in Pulmonary Consumption, when the patient was so near the grave.

Four years ago I had a violent attack of bilious fever, which left my general health in a wretched condition, with great weakness at the chest; a slight cough supervened, which gradually increased in violence until all the symptoms of Pulmonary Consumption became fearfully apparent: Such as *copious night sweats, soreness and swelling of the throat, hectic fever, hoarseness and often total loss of voice, a sense of suffocation and dreadful oppression*, so that for *ten months* together, it was necessary every night to *prop me up with pillows almost in a sitting posture; bleeding from the lungs*, and at one time I threw up a *full pint of blood.* Such was my distress, that I had to keep my throat constantly moist with some cooling liquid, and to crown all, I suffered with *violent palpitation of the heart.* Every morning I would cough up with great pain, large quantities of putrid matter. In this condition I rapidly wasted away, and I had not the shadow of a doubt that before this winter was over I should be a corpse.

During my protracted sufferings I used all the popular remedies for Consumption, but none of them even so much as relieved me. I also had the advice, at different periods, of *four good physicians*, who did all they could for me, with no avail. They in turn pronounced me incurable, and said that I might linger a few months, but my disease was *confirmed Consumption*, and beyond the reach of medical skill.

In order, if possible to procure at least an abatement of my sufferings, a friend suggested the use of your *Compound Syrup of Tar*, and brought me a bottle, and I could scarcely credit the evidence of my senses, at the *immediate* and *wonderful* relief it afforded me. I took it regular for two months, every symptom gradually disappeared, my lungs healed, my strength returned, and astonishing as it may seem, from *being scarcely able to raise my head from the pillow*, I am now able to *walk miles* without fatigue, and your invaluable medicine has, through the blessings of God, been the means *literally*, of rescuing me from the grave.

Should you think proper to publish this you are at liberty to refer the afflicted to me, that every word of the foregoing may be substantiated by me in person.

MARY HANEY, 48 Spruce st.

Prepared and sold by S. P. Thomson, N. E. corner 5th and Spruce sts., Philada. Sold also by Dr. Wm C. McPherson, Harrisburg, J. Gish, Lancaster, J. V. Lambert, Reading, Pa., Dame & Aldrich, Poughkeepsie, N. York, T. B. Hewlings, Trenton, N. J., F. Woolman, Burlington, N. J., Seth W. Roberts, Mobile, Ala., A. B. and D. Sands, N. Y.

Price 50 cts per bottle, or $5 per dozen. ☞ *Beware of counterfeits.* my 4-6m

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The system has been adopted by the public, and most of the private schools of Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore, &c., &c., and has proved eminently successful.

These books contain twice as much as the common ruled books, and are sold (wholesale) at the same price.

Published and for sale by B. H. Rand, 106 South Ninth street, where may be had also, Rand's Penmanship in eight parts, suited to every stage of the learner's progress both in plain and ornamental writing.

my 4-tf B. H. RAND

READ WITH ASTONISHMENT!

THE WONDERFUL EFFICACY OF JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT & VERMIFUGE.

THE following testimony, says the Pittsburg Daily Sun, has been voluntarily offered to the agent of Dr. JAYNE, at the Franklin Head Printing Office, Third street, of the valuable effects of the use of his Vermifuge and Expectorant, by JOHN KNOX, a well known and highly respectable Book and Job Printer, of this city. The facts he states can be generally testified to by several respectable physicians, besides various inhabitants of the city, conversant with Mr. Knox's family.

PITTSBURG, Oct. 30, 1843.

MR. A. JAYNES:

Sir—Justice to Doctor D. Jayne's Medicines compels me to make you the following statement, respecting a child of mine who suffered very much from an affection of the lungs or chest.

In the fall of 1839, my daughter, six years old, took sick with a violent cold, which grew worse every day, until she could scarcely breathe. We called in a very eminent and a very attentive physician, who immediately took her in his hands, and said that she would not have lived one day more without aid. She continued very ill for three or four weeks, the physician doing every thing that he could for her—but all to no purpose. The seat of her disease could not be reached—her breathing was very short: it was but a gasping for breath—her right side began to swell up very much. The Doctor thought that water was accumulated in her chest; he consulted with the best physicians in the city—one of them was of the opinion that it was matter instead of water. Every thing was done that could be done to remove the water, but all without effect—blistering, cupping, leeching, &c., until our patience and the patience of the Doctor himself was completely exhausted. At length the Doctor concluded that an operation was necessary to give her ease, but he did not promise that he would cure her. He consulted with several of the best physicians in the city, and they came to the same conclusion, that nothing but an operation would do her any good. We (her parents) gave consent, and in the latter part of January, 1840, the operation was performed. The child, being nothing but skin and bone, stood the operation very well, considering her great weakness. About three pints of matter were taken from her side, between the sixth and seventh ribs, without much relief to her. The matter was at first healthy, but afterwards became offensive, bursting out in the night and running all over her clothes and bed—the smell being so bad that we have had to open the house in the middle of the night, in order to be able to dress her.

All this time she was burning with fever, and coughing all the time. She had a voracious appetite, indeed, and all she ate passed from her just as she ate it, without being in the least touched by her stomach. This state of affairs continued for three or four months, the Doctor still attending her, and doing his best to make her EXPECTORATE, but always without success. He gave her twenty-three mercurial powders in succession to salivate her, but they never touched her—she remained the same, as the Doctor said, "neither better nor worse." He finally told me he could do nothing for her; he said that she must die. These are his words: "your child must die; she can't live; she smells like a corpse and looks like a corpse." He left her and we resorted to Sarsaparilla Syrup, thinking that she might obtain relief from it. We used one bottle, a quart, but without any success, and in about a week after the Dr. left her he called again, for he was very anxious about her, and we must say for him that there never was a more attentive physician; he expressed his surprise to find her pretty much as he had left her. He said something must be done for her. I would here mention that we had to dress her side from six to ten times per day—and she inclined to lie on her right side so much that she became crooked her back bone was quite bent, and her breast and side b sunk very much, so that we had no hopes of her ever b ing straight if she should get well otherwise.

The Doctor now proposed to fumigate her with mercury, in order, he said, to alleviate her if possible. I procured the stuff, and on my way I passed your Printing office, and mentioned the circumstance of the child's sufferings to you. You recommended, if you recollect, Dr. Jayne's EXPECTORANT and VERMIFUGE. The Vermifuge first, to give tone to her stomach, and the Expectorant to make her expectorate—just what she wanted. She often said, "If I could spit I would feel better." Well, we did not like to have her sit over hot mercury for two hours a day for twelve days, and I immediately abandoned the idea and took your advice, got a bottle of Vermifuge and one of Expectorant, and commenced using them. I gave her a teaspoon full of Vermifuge first, and then fifteen drops of Expectorant the first day. The next day I gave her a tea spoon full of Expectorant, and it made her vomit, which did her great good; for it seemed to break the fever, and the sweat began to show itself on her brow; and in one week there was a great change on her for the better. We began to feel as though we should not lose her yet. The matter from her side became less offensive every day, and grew thick and yellow, whereas it was black and then like dirty water before we gave her your medicines. She also expectorated very freely, and the same kind of stuff that came from her side before, now came from her mouth every time she would cough, in great quantities. I continued to give her fifteen drops a day until she got entirely well, which was in the winter of 1841-'2; and the reason why I have not made this known before, is this: I wished to see whether or not a permanent cure had been effected; and this I think can safely be said by all who know the child, as she is now running about and going to school, as well as ever she was. Her back having resumed its natural shape, her breast and side filled up, and she is fat and hearty—all the effects of Dr. Jayne's valuable medicines.

I believe if I had known of your medicines in the first place, the child's sufferings would have been of short duration, as it would seem that all she wanted was something to make her EXPECTORATE.

You may do what you think proper with this statement, as I am willing to be qualified to all that it contains.

Yours, with respect,

june 17-1y JOHN KNOX, PAINTER, Pittsburg.

The above valuable medicines are prepared only by Dr. D. Jayne, No. 20 South Third street, Philadelphia.

PARENTS, MOTHERS PARTICULARLY are informed that JAYNE'S CARMINATIVE BALSAM, NEVER fails to cure SUMMER COMPLAINT, Cholic, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhœa, &c., and all other affections of the Stomach and Bowels.

DARLINGTON, Beaver Co., Pa., Feb. 1839.

Dr. D. Jayne: Dear Sir—My little son when about two months old, was seized with a *bowel complaint.* It continued for about two weeks without intermission, and notwithstanding the remedies prescribed by a respectable physician, we gave up the child a victim, as we supposed, to a fatal disease. But I providentially heard of "Jayne's Carminative," as an effectual cure for bowel complaint; and immediately despatched a messenger to a town seventeen miles off for a bottle. By the use of this medicine, in less than thirty-six hours the disease was checked, and by its continued use for a few days the child was restored to perfect health. Shortly after this, there occurred a similar case in one of the families of my congregation. I prescribed "Jayne's Carminative," and the result was a speedy cure.

The same child, owing to exposure, when recently coming up the Ohio, was attacked by that horrible malady, CROUP. We landed in the night at Beaver Point, and when our fears were alarmed lest the hoarse, sepulchral cough was the forerunner of death, we gave him a tea-spoonful of your Expectorant, and applied some liniment to the throat and breast; and before many minutes the hoarseness was gone, the child breathed freely and slept sweetly. Owing to these circumstances it cannot be wondered at why I have so high an opinion of your medicines, and why I advise every family to keep them on hand, ready for any emergency.

Respectfully yours, ARTHUR B. BRADFORD,
Pastor of the Presb. Church, Darlington, Pa.

Dr. Jayne: Dear Sir—Having used in my family, for eight years, your Carminative Balsam, I deem it due to yourself and the public to state that I have uniformly found it efficient in relieving and removing the complaints for which it is intended. I am strongly opposed to all quackery, but touching the above medicine, I have testified that which *I do know*, and that which *I have experienced.* Respectfully yours, JOHN C. HARRISON,
Pastor of Baptist Church, Bordentown, N. J.

June 1, 1839.

The names of hundreds of others equally respectable can be given, and all pronounce it the most valuable medicine in the world for the cure of Bowel Complaint.

Prepared only by Dr. D. Jayne, No. 20 South Third street, Philadelphia.

NO EXCUSE FOR A BALD HEAD.

SINCE the important discovery of Dr. JAYNE'S HAIR TONIC, every one may, if they choose, preserve their hair from falling off, or if already bald may with certainty have their hair restored again by a faithful and persevering application of this valuable HAIR TONIC.

Please to read without prejudice the following communications, which in addition to hundreds of others equally respectable should remove the doubts of every reasonable person of the uniform and singular efficacy of JAYNE'S HAIR TONIC.

HAMILTON, Feb. 15, 1840.

Dr. D. Jayne—Dear Sir—I had not finished the first bottle of your Hair Tonic, before a decided change was manifest over the bald part of the head to which it was applied. A new growth of fine glossy hair, much like that of an infant's appeared, and has continued to increase, so that I have had it cut two or three times.

I began the use of the Tonic with little or no faith that it would ever be successful on my head; and I was as much surprised as delighted when I saw the effect. You recollect the appearance of my head when in your office. I assure you the hair has been nearly, if not quite, an inch long at the times I have had it cut, on those parts which were nearly destitute of any when you saw me. It was however, very fine, though quite thick.

Respectfully yours, &c. GEORGE W. EATON.
Professor in Hamilton and Literary Theological Seminary, Madison county, N. Y.

From the Somerville (N. J.) Whig.

Some time since I called upon Mr. F. Mason, of Somerville, for Dr. Jayne's celebrated HAIR TONIC, to restore my hair, which was then falling out daily. I procured one bottle, and applied its contents according to the directions. When the bottle was exhausted, I discovered to my great surprise and satisfaction, that the YOUNG HAIR was STARTING handsomely; I therefore purchased another, and so on till I had used three bottles, and now, as a compensation, my hair is as thick as ever.

And what is more surprising, my baldness was not occasioned by sickness, in which case there is greater hope of restoration—but was hereditary.

JAS. O. ROGERS, Methodist Minister,
Mount Horeb, Somerset county, N. J.

PHILADELPHIA, May 10, 1838.

Doctor Jayne—Dear Sir: I feel that I can hardly say enough in favor of your Hair Tonic. My hair had been falling off for about two years, and had become very thin, threatening speedy baldness when I commenced using your remedy. In about one week it ceased to fall off. I have used it now for about three months and have as full and thick a head of hair as I can possibly desire. I have recommended its use to a number of my friends, who all speak well of it. If faithfully employed I have no doubt of its general success. I may add that before using your Tonic, I had tried many of the various articles employed for the hair, such as the Macassar Oil, all the different preparations of Bears Oil, Vegetable Hair Oil, &c., &c., without experiencing much, if any, benefit.

Respectfully yours,
S. H. FITCH, M. D.,
No. 172 Chesnut street.

We publish the following letter from a sense of duty to the public. It is just such a letter as we should have expected from such a source. We know Dr. Quigly personally, and there is no man in the country, whose opinion is entitled to more respect. He is an all subjects honest and sincere, and his high character as a Physician can be attested by the first medical men in this city.—*Philada. Sun.*

Shepherd's Town, Va. Oct. 10, 1843.

Dear Sir,—You inquire of me whether I have used your Hair Tonic, and the effects. Several years ago my hair began to fall rapidly from the scalp, and the prospect of premature baldness. During several years I used various preparations recommended for the hair, from which I derived no benefit. At length a friend recommended your Hair Tonic. I used three or four bottles according to the printed directions, and at the end of six months, my hair was thick set, and since its tendency to turn grey was arrested.

I have never before given a certificate, recommending patent medicines, which indiscriminately used, as they often are, do much injury, but in a case like the present, where I know the article to be beneficial, and that it can do no harm. I have no scruples in stating facts within my own knowledge.

Yours, &c. JOHN QUIGLY, M. D.
Dr. D. JAYNE, Philadelphia.

Prepared only by Dr. D. Jayne, No. 20 South Third street, Philadelphia, where also may be had Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge, Carminative Balsam, Sanative Pills, and Life Preservative. june 17-1y